

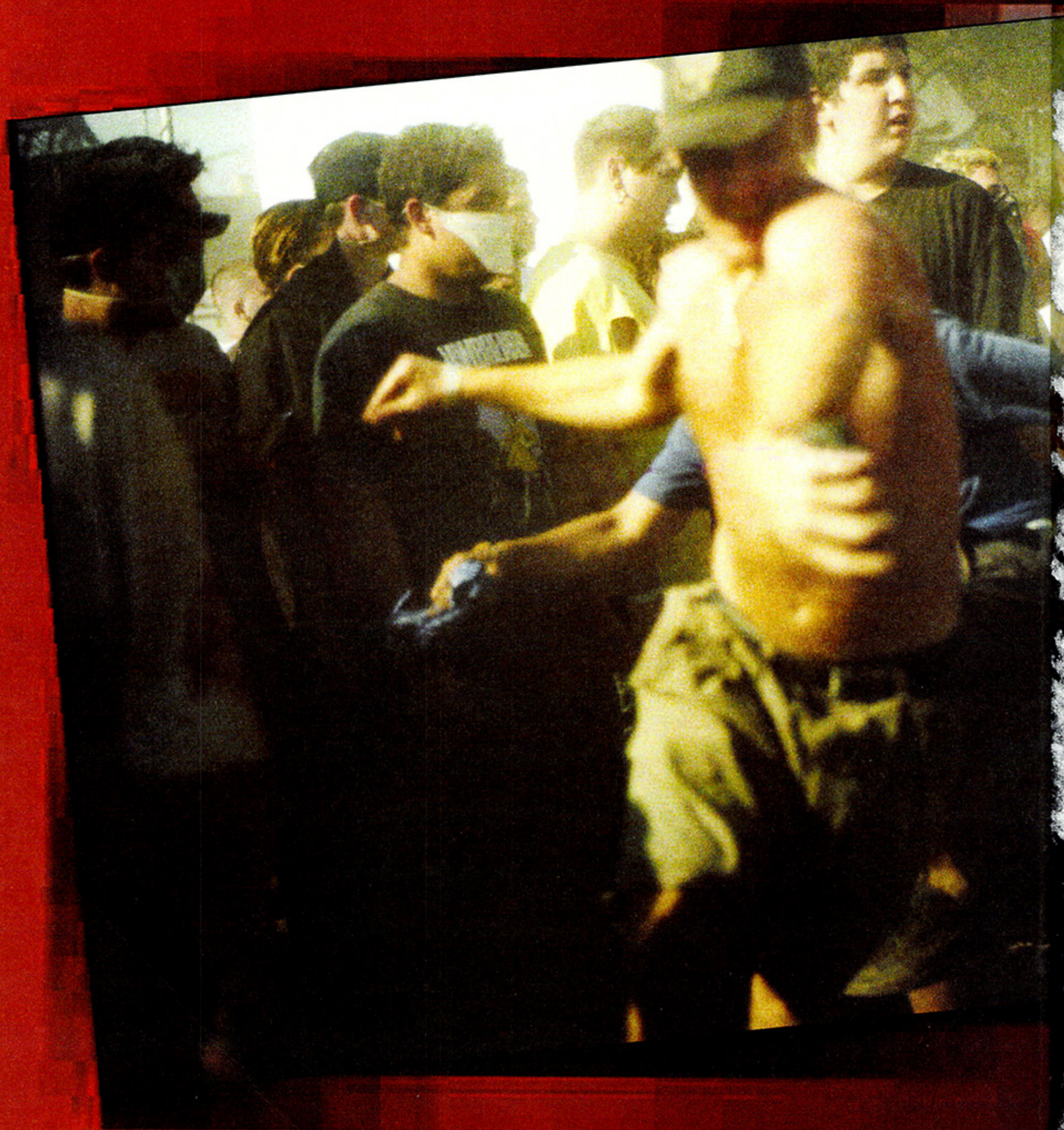
ADBUSTERS

CARNIVALESQUE REBELLION
COMING THIS NOVEMBER

I, REVOLUTION



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Janine Gordon

**IN THE BEGINNING
OF HUMAN CULTURE,
PEOPLE KNEW HOW TO
SHAKE THEIR BOOTIES,
AND IN THEIR DOING
SO, THE SECRETS
OF THE UNIVERSE
WERE REVEALED.**

Then along came language, social hierarchy, overinflated beliefs and the mirages of understanding. Whereas human beings embodied the most important truths in the beginning, it all went to hell when we stilled our bodies and fed too many words to our minds.

Look at the oldest library in the world – the rock art of southern Africa. What we see are images of people dancing themselves into ecstasy. Many generations later the elders of the oldest living culture on Earth today, the Kalahari Bushmen, still know that the electrified body inspired by heightened feelings – rather than anything remotely related to a calm and still presence – is the master key to being fully alive.

What is most important has little or nothing to do with words and linguistic understanding. As the Bushmen say, words can trick us into believing anything. With word trickery we may end up worshipping a pile of elephant dung or a heap of metal. Somewhere between the early cradle of civilization and the internet, our species made the colossal mistake of proclaiming that words, theories and understandings are the roads to salvation and happiness. If this is true or even partially true, it means we have been misled for over a thousand years. The word games have led us to posit one form of gender, race, culture, nation, or religion as superior to others – thereby justifying any and all acts of arrogant greed, war and destruction of life and planet.

Religions and philosophies can never deliver the truth we most deeply desire. Our born destiny is the same as the first humans – to release our bodies, our whole beings, into feeling and expressing the deepest joy and ecstasy. In other words, dancing ourselves into heaven, enlightenment, peace and love. If there is anything history teaches, it is that words and understandings aren't giving us anything but more of the same bullshit. We need to start up the wild drumming and shake off the words and stuck thoughts.

If we don't free ourselves to be ecstatically tuned and happy, we may continue going to hell while taking the planet down with us.



Social disorder, misfits, teenage angst, misguided rebellion, displaced aggression, hormones in revolt, call it what you like, moshing, slamming, surfing, it's only dancing – and timing is everything. Mostly boys, although occasionally you find a peppering of braver girls crushed by the masculine bravado. Pushing, shoving, ducking and jump kicks are the moves of the mosh pit – with slight variations like hopping, throwing fists, circle kicks and other assorted combinations. Counterculture at its max, rebellion devoid of political chaos energize bodies in the dust-filled air. ¶ The pre-dated swine flu mask protects the nostrils from filling with the black soot of the landfill dirt. Arms move swiftly and can function as powerful weapons to the beat of the music. Expect to be seriously hurt if you don't have any rhythm.

¶ Antiwar lyrics may not infiltrate the music, not everyone is an activist, but if you are in a mosh pit you are in action. A warrior mission for the physically fit. Back slips, black eyes, ripped tees, banged thighs – expect it if you plan on being in the tribe. Otherwise sit on the sideline and watch the samurai.

Janine Gordon, also known as Jah Jah, is a rapper, photographer and multimedia artist from Brooklyn, New York. The words and photo below are hers.



What does it mean to sound the revolution? Here's a few teasers that provide some hints – remember, it can't be said in words:

You gotta go beyond dance: no choreography, let the body be free to move without purpose.

Recognize that whatever the great mystery or god is, it hates all reasonable and tamed definitions.

Don't sit still when you are excited. Get up and move!

Meditation without wild ecstasy is a dead end.

The wisdom of the East is as ignorant as the wisdom of the West. Look where both have gotten us. Let's consider the wisdom of Mother Africa, the ancestral culture that honored rhythms more than words.

The revolution is through sounding it and allowing yourself to be fully shaken.

The trouble with gurus is that they don't have a rhythm, they don't shake and they don't wiggle their ass.

This is the revolution: Shake everything up – your body, mind, heart, ideas, understandings and everyday routines. Shake yourself into ecstatic truth.

Bradford Keeney, PhD, chronicles the world's healing practices in his 11-volume encyclopedia, *Profiles of Healing*. To learn more about the old ways of ecstatic shaking, visit shakingmedicine.com

this is how^{01.} *it all begins*^{02.}



Tensta Kontshall

A few people start breaking their old patterns, embracing what they love (and in the process discovering what they hate), daydreaming, questioning, rebelling. What happens naturally then, according to revolutions past, is a groundswell of support for this new way of being, with more and more people empowered to perform new gestures unencumbered by history.

>>>>>>

revolutionary idea

The earth is alive.

The spirits animated. The world full of magic and mystery. Thunder shouts anger, rain showers pleasure. The wind is charged with spirit.

God is there,
resting in the water.

The bear is a mighty spirit, snake and eagle too. Spirit moves in every animal, grows in every tree. The sun is alive and moves with slow intent. The spirit in the fire speaks in hisses, crackles, pops. The earth and everything in it is sacred.

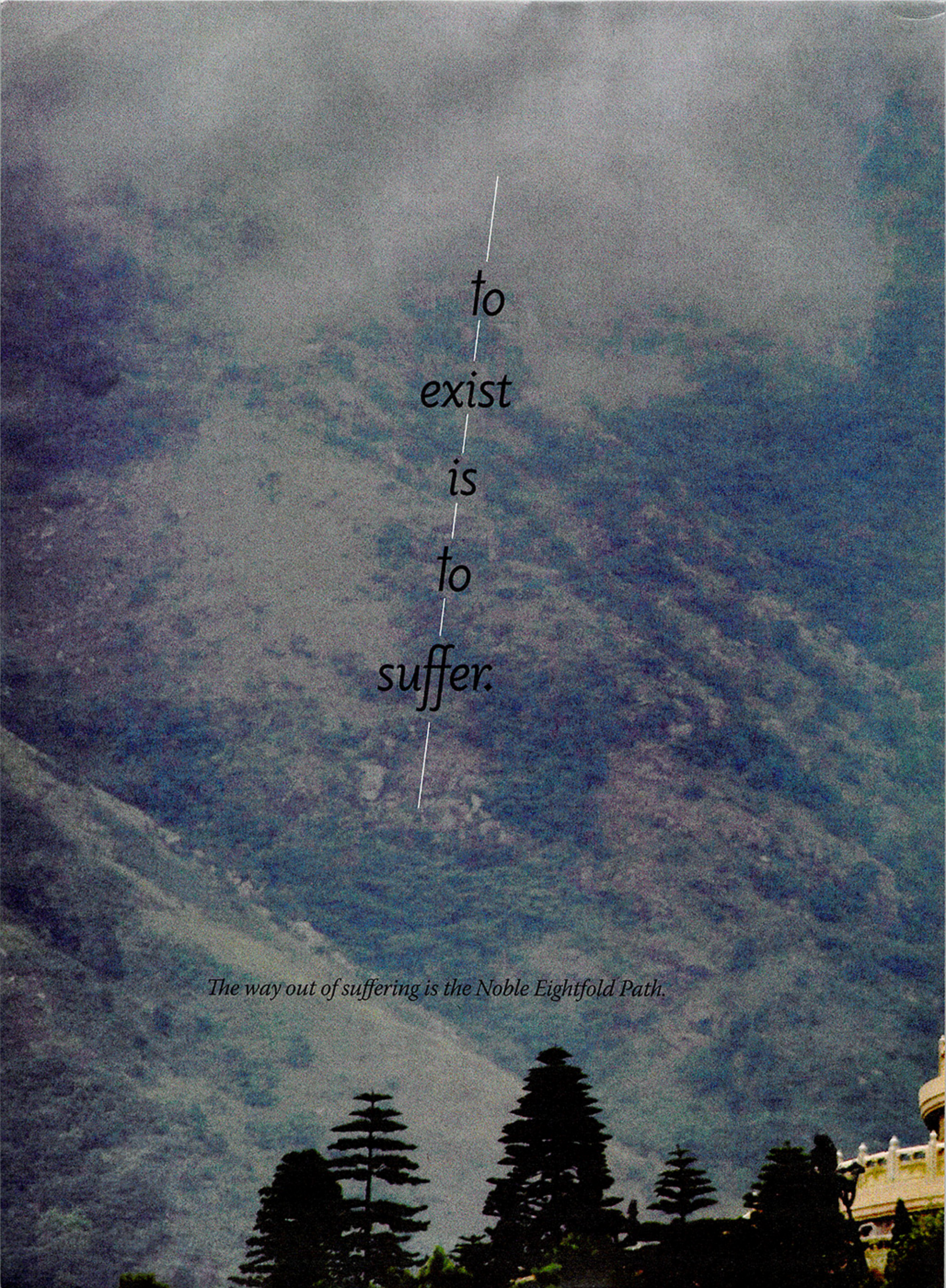
It moves

and speaks

and lives.



Kristen Argenio



to
exist
is
to
suffer.

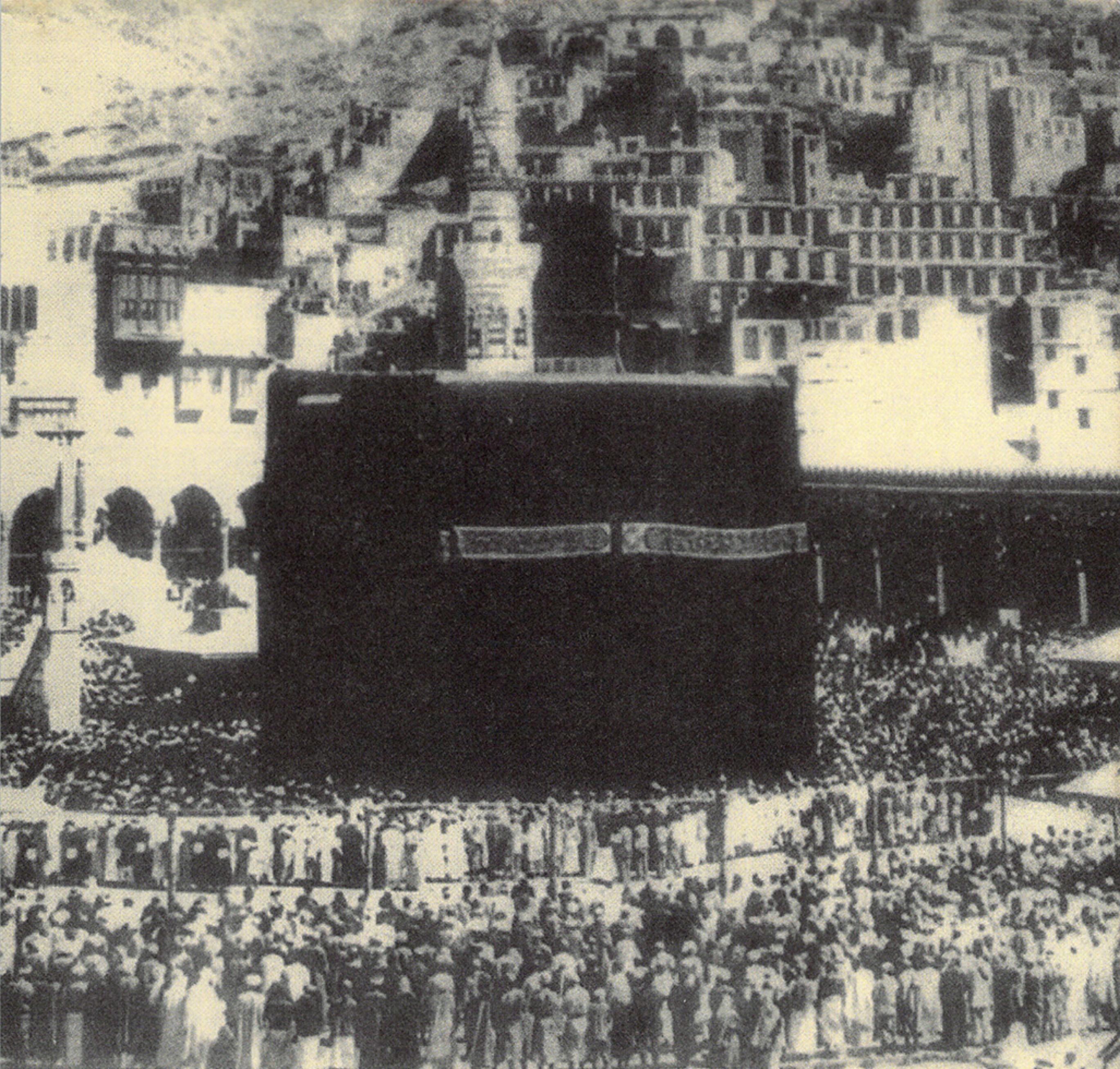
The way out of suffering is the Noble Eightfold Path.




Roman persecution of early Christians was extreme. Emperor Diocletian is thought to have executed 20,000 Christians during his rule (284–305). Even so, Christianity continued to spread rapidly throughout the Mediterranean basin. In 324 Christianity became the preferred religion under Emperor Constantine.

The Idea That Overthrew the Roman Empire

“You have heard that it was said, ‘An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.’ But I tell you, Do not resist an evil person. If someone strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if someone wants to sue you and take your tunic, let him have your cloak as well. If someone forces you to go one mile, go with him two miles. Give to the one who asks you, and do not turn away from the one who wants to borrow from you. Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you.” Matthew 5:38–42



Muhammad sparked the first genuine national insurgency in antiquity. He was, above all, a revolutionary – a fiery religious leader who claimed divine authority. Rather than simply seeking to defeat a foreign enemy, Muhammad worked to replace the entire Arabian social order with a new one based on spiritual ritual and divine law. His revolution – Islam – changed forever the spiritual, economic and political situation of his people.



The most vicious and widespread insurrection in English history, the revolt marked the beginning of the end of serfdom in medieval England. Though the rebellion itself was crushed, it opened the eyes of the upper classes to the misery of the poor and made clear the need to reform feudalism.

1215 MAGNA CARTA

THE PEASANTS' REVOLT (AKA WAT TYLER'S REBELLION)

1381

1483— 1546

MARTIN LUTHER

Revolutionary Idea:

The church erred in its teaching of the doctrine of indulgences (sins forgiven by clergy in exchange for money). Martin Luther argued instead that Christians should be taught that giving to the poor is better than buying pardons.

Revolutionary Action:

In October 1517, Luther nailed his *Ninety-Five Theses on the Power and Efficacy of Indulgences* to the door of the All Saints' Church in Wittenburg, unwittingly beginning the Protestant Reformation. He later translated the Bible from Latin into German, the language of the people.

Revolution:

The authority of the Roman Catholic Church weakened. Masses of believers across Europe (and eventually the world) inspired by the teachings of Martin Luther and John Calvin, began to look to the Bible rather than to Rome for spiritual authority.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

1776

Uprising against British tyranny by American patriots gives birth to a free nation.

The enemy have now landed on Long Island, and the hour is fast approaching, on which the honor and success of this army, and the safety of our bleeding country will depend. Remember, officers and soldiers, that you are freemen, fighting for the blessings of liberty ... Remember how your courage and spirit have been despised, and traduced by your cruel invaders; though they have found by dear experience at Boston, Charlestown and other places, what a few brave men, contending in their own land, and in the best of causes, can do against hirelings and mercenaries. Be cool, but determined; do not fire at a distance,

but wait for orders from your officers. It is the General's express orders, that if any man attempts to skulk, lie down, or retreat without orders, he be instantly shot down as an example. He hopes no such will be found in this army; but, on the contrary, that every one for himself resolving to conquer or die, and trusting in the smiles of Heaven upon so just a cause, will behave with bravery and resolution ... and if this army will but emulate and imitate their brave countrymen in other parts of America, he has no doubt they will, by a glorious victory save their country, and acquire to themselves immortal honor.

George Washington, general orders from his New York headquarters, August 25, 1776



1789

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

One of the most influential revolutions in history, the French people tore down the aristocracy that had dominated their lives for centuries.

Moments before Robespierre's death, the executioner noticed that his head would not fit into the guillotine with the bandages applied to his jaw wounds, so he brutally ripped them off; from Robespierre's ruined throat emerged a ghastly piercing scream, only cut short as the blade fell upon his neck. The status of this last scream is legendary: It gave rise to a whole panoply of interpretations, mostly along the lines of the terrifying inhuman screech of the parasitic evil spirit that signals its important protest when it is losing possession of its host human body – as if, at this final moment, Robespierre humanized himself, discarding the persona of Revolutionary Virtue embodied, emerging as a miserable, scared human being.

In his last speech the day before his arrest and execution, Robespierre said, "But there do exist, I can assure you, souls that are feeling and pure; it exists, that tender, imperious and irresistible passion, the torment and delight of magnanimous hearts; that deep horror of tyranny, that compassionate zeal for the oppressed, that sacred love for the homeland, that even more sublime and holy love for humanity, without which a great revolution is just a noisy crime that destroys another crime; it does exist, that generous ambition to establish here on earth the world's first Republic."

From Robespierre or the "Divine Violence" of Terror, Slavoj Žižek

The uprising in the French colony of Saint-Domingue that led to the creation of the independent black Caribbean republic of Haiti in 1804 was one of the major events that defined our modern world. Unlike the American Revolution of 1776 and the French Revolution of 1789, the Haitian insurrection directly challenged the system of racial hierarchy that had prevailed throughout the Atlantic world since the beginning of the colonial era. The American revolutionaries had consolidated slavery in the Southern states, and the French legislators evaded a confrontation with the subject until the insurrection in their major colony made action unavoidable. Only the Haitian movement proclaimed that liberty was incompatible with chattel slavery and that equality had to include people of all races. Our understanding of the revolutionary era is not complete unless it takes account of this upheaval, the only successful slave revolt in history and one that led to the creation of the first postcolonial republic to be established by people of color. The French colony of Saint-Domingue had been the source of half the world's sugar and coffee; the revolution there shook the foundations of the system of trade routes, plantations, and investments that had tied the Atlantic world together for three centuries. The saga of the black insurrection and of its legendary leader, Toussaint Louverture, has inspired resistance movements in the African Diaspora and the non-Western world ever since. More somberly, in Europe and the United States, the reaction to the Haitian Revolution helped strengthen the racial prejudices that haunt the globe even today.

From Facing Racial Revolution: Eyewitness Accounts of the Haitian Insurrection by Jeremy D. Popkin

1791

HAITI'S SLAVE REVOLT

1910

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

Mexican peasants and cowboys led by Emiliano Zapata and Pancho Villa end the autocratic rule of Porfirio Diaz and break the grip of the wealthy landowning elite.

1917

GREEN CORN REBELLION

A rebellion by socialists, African-Americans and indigenous people against military conscription erupts in rural Oklahoma.

An Oklahoman Seminole woman, whose uncle was a leader in the movement, remembered: "The full moon of late July, early August it was, the Moon of the Green Corn. It was not easy to persuade our poor white and black brothers and sisters to rise up. We told them that rising up, standing up, whatever the consequences, would inspire future generations. Our courage, our bravery would be remembered and copied. That has been the Indian way for centuries, since the invasions. Fight and tell the story so that those who come after or their descendants will rise up once again. It may take a thousand years, but that is how we continue and eventually prevail."



1917

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Bolshevik revolutionaries overthrow Nicholas II and destroy Russia's czarist autocracy.

Every great revolution, and a social revolution in particular, even if there were no external war, is inconceivable without internal war, i.e., civil war, which is even more devastating than external war, and involves thousands and millions of cases of wavering and desertion from one side to another, implies a state of extreme indefiniteness, lack of equilibrium and chaos. And of course, all the elements of disintegration of the old society, which are inevitably very numerous and connected mainly with the petty bourgeoisie (because it is the petty bourgeoisie that every war and every crisis ruins and destroys first), cannot but "reveal themselves" during such a profound revolution. And these elements of disintegration *cannot* "reveal themselves" otherwise than in an increase of crime, hooliganism, corruption, profiteering and outrages of every kind. To put these down requires time and *requires an iron hand*.

Vladimir Lenin



1934

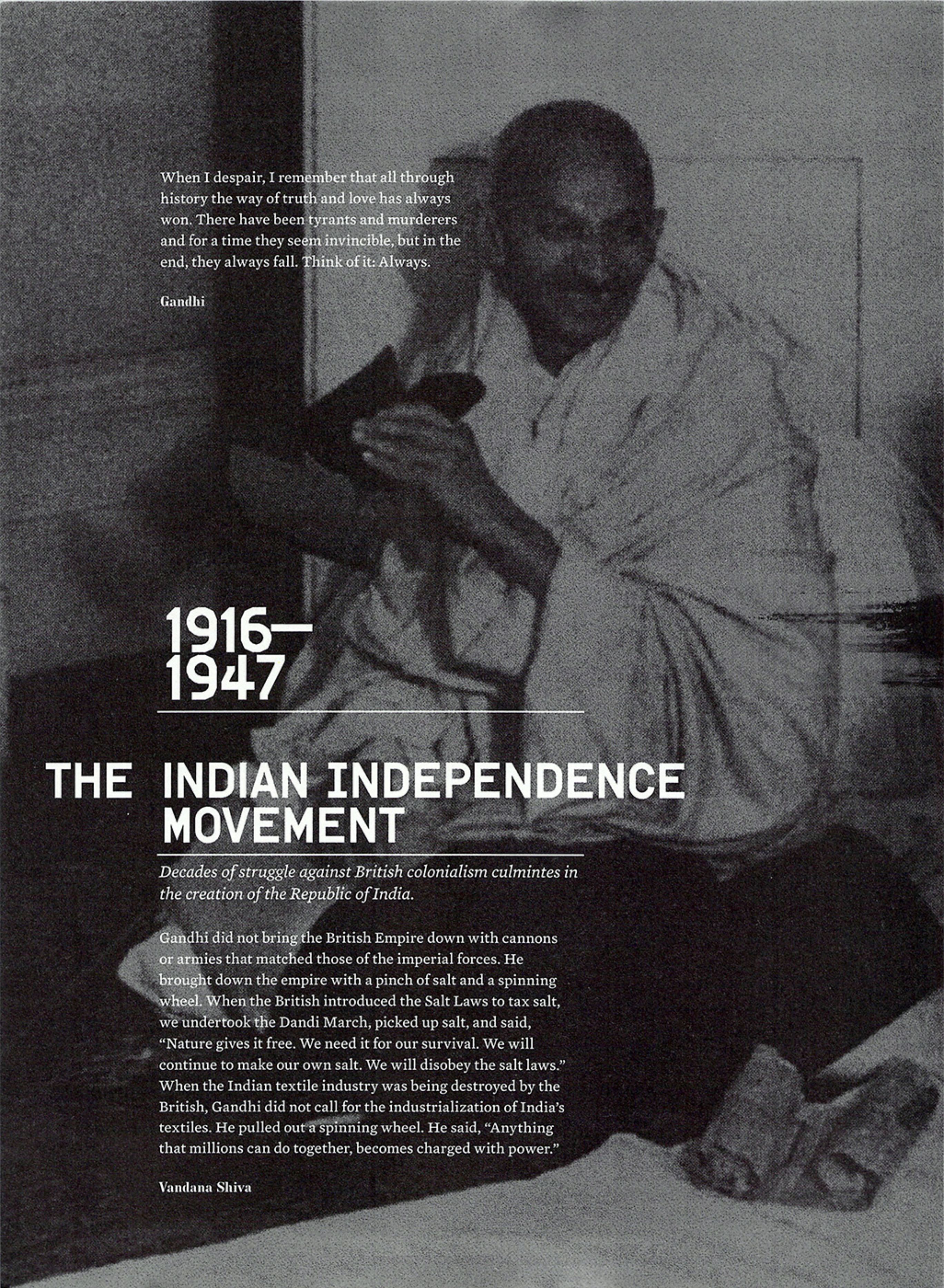
THE LONG MARCH

Chinese communists led by Mao Zedong evade destruction by nationalist forces paving the way for the eventual success of the revolution in 1949.

Speaking of the Long March, one may ask, "What is its significance?" We answer that the Long March is the first of its kind in the annals of history, that it is a manifesto, a propaganda force, a seeding-machine. Since P'an Ku divided the heavens from the earth and the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors reigned, has history ever witnessed a long march such as ours? For twelve months we were under daily reconnaissance and bombing from the skies by scores of planes, while on land we were encircled and pursued, obstructed and intercepted by a huge force of several hundred thousand men, and we encountered untold difficulties and dangers on the way; yet by using our two legs we swept across a distance of more than twenty thousand *li* through the length and breadth of 11 provinces. Let us ask, has history ever known a long march to equal ours? No, never. The Long March is a manifesto. It has proclaimed to the world that the Red Army is an army of heroes, while the imperialists and their running dogs, Chiang Kai-shek and his like, are impotent. It has proclaimed their utter failure to encircle, pursue, obstruct and intercept us. The Long March is also a propaganda force. It has announced to some 200

million people in 11 provinces that the road of the Red Army is their only road to liberation. Without the Long March, how could the broad masses have learned so quickly about the existence of the great truth which the Red Army embodies? The Long March is also a seeding-machine. In the eleven provinces it has sown many seeds which will sprout, leaf, blossom, and bear fruit, and will yield a harvest in the future. In a word, the Long March has ended with victory for us and defeat for the enemy. Who brought the Long March to victory? The Communist Party. Without the Communist Party, a long march of this kind would have been inconceivable. The Chinese Communist Party, its leadership, its cadres and its members fear no difficulties or hardships.

Mao Zedong

A black and white photograph of Mahatma Gandhi spinning yarn on a spinning wheel. He is wearing a simple white dhoti and a shawl, and is barefoot. The background is slightly blurred, showing an indoor setting.

When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love has always won. There have been tyrants and murderers and for a time they seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall. Think of it: Always.

Gandhi

1916—
1947

THE INDIAN INDEPENDENCE MOVEMENT

Decades of struggle against British colonialism culminated in the creation of the Republic of India.

Gandhi did not bring the British Empire down with cannons or armies that matched those of the imperial forces. He brought down the empire with a pinch of salt and a spinning wheel. When the British introduced the Salt Laws to tax salt, we undertook the Dandi March, picked up salt, and said, "Nature gives it free. We need it for our survival. We will continue to make our own salt. We will disobey the salt laws." When the Indian textile industry was being destroyed by the British, Gandhi did not call for the industrialization of India's textiles. He pulled out a spinning wheel. He said, "Anything that millions can do together, becomes charged with power."

Vandana Shiva

God is dead.

NIETZSCHE

**1844—
1900**

Richard Huelsenbeck

We want to make men better, to make them understand that the only fraternity is a moment of intensity, that life is beauty concentrated at the height of a wire rising towards the trembling blue brightness, magnetically bound to the earth by our loving eyes, which are like snow covering a peak.

DADA

1916

If I can't dance, it's not my revolution!

**EMMA
GOLDMAN**

**1869—
1940**

**1842—
1921**

**PETER
KROPOTKIN**

We need the great events that roughly break the thread of history, shake humanity out of the ruts in which it is stuck, and propel it towards new ways, towards the unknown, towards the search for the ideal.

1909

FUTURISM

We are advocating daily, methodical heroism, a taste for desperation, for which the heart gives everything it has, a habit for enthusiasm, abandonment to vertigo.

F. T. Marinetti

**1936—
1939**

**SPANISH
CIVIL WAR**

Above all, there was a belief in the revolution and the future, a feeling of having suddenly emerged into an era of equality and freedom. Human beings were trying to behave as human beings and not as cogs in the capitalist machine.

George Orwell



1954—1962

THE ALGERIAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

Vicious urban and rural guerrilla warfare pushes the French out of Algeria and leads to the collapse of the Fourth Republic.

Carrying revolvers, grenades, hundreds of false identity cards or bombs, the unveiled Algerian woman moves like a fish in the Western waters. The soldiers, the French patrols, smile to her as she passes, and compliments on her looks are heard here and there, but no one suspects that her suitcases contain the automatic pistol that will presently mow down four or five members of one of the patrols.

Frantz Fanon

1952— 1960

MAU MAU UPRISING

Kenyans fight tooth and nail against British forces to win their freedom in one of history's most vicious anticolonial struggles. The Mau Mau victory in the face of British repression and torture inspired revolutionaries across Africa to rebel against their own colonial masters.



1956—1959

A revolution is not a bed of roses. A revolution is a struggle between the future and the past.

Fidel Castro

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION

The small insurrectionary force of Fidel Castro and Che Guevara grows into a mass movement as it sweeps across Cuba and ousts the American-backed dictator Fulgencio Batista from power.

1960

THE YEAR OF AFRICA

In a single year, 17 African nations simultaneously gain independence as a wave of decolonization sweeps the continent.

In the revolutionary struggle, the immense, oppressed masses of the colonies and semi-colonies feel that they are a part of life for the first time. Life acquires a sense, a transcendence, an object: to end exploitation, to govern themselves by and for themselves, to construct a way of life. The armed struggle breaks up the old routine life of the countryside and villages, excites, exalts, and opens wide the doors of the future.

Liberation does not come as a gift from anybody; it is seized by the masses with their own hands. And by seizing it they themselves are transformed; confidence in their own strengths soars, and they turn their energy and their experience to the task of building, governing and deciding their own lives for themselves.

Adolfo Gilly, from the introduction to *A Dying Colonialism*



1950s AND 60s

AMERICAN CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

African-Americans use non-violent protest and civil disobedience to challenge institutionalized racism.

Christ gave us the goals and
Mahatma Gandhi the tactics.

Martin Luther King Jr.

1966

BLACK PANTHERS

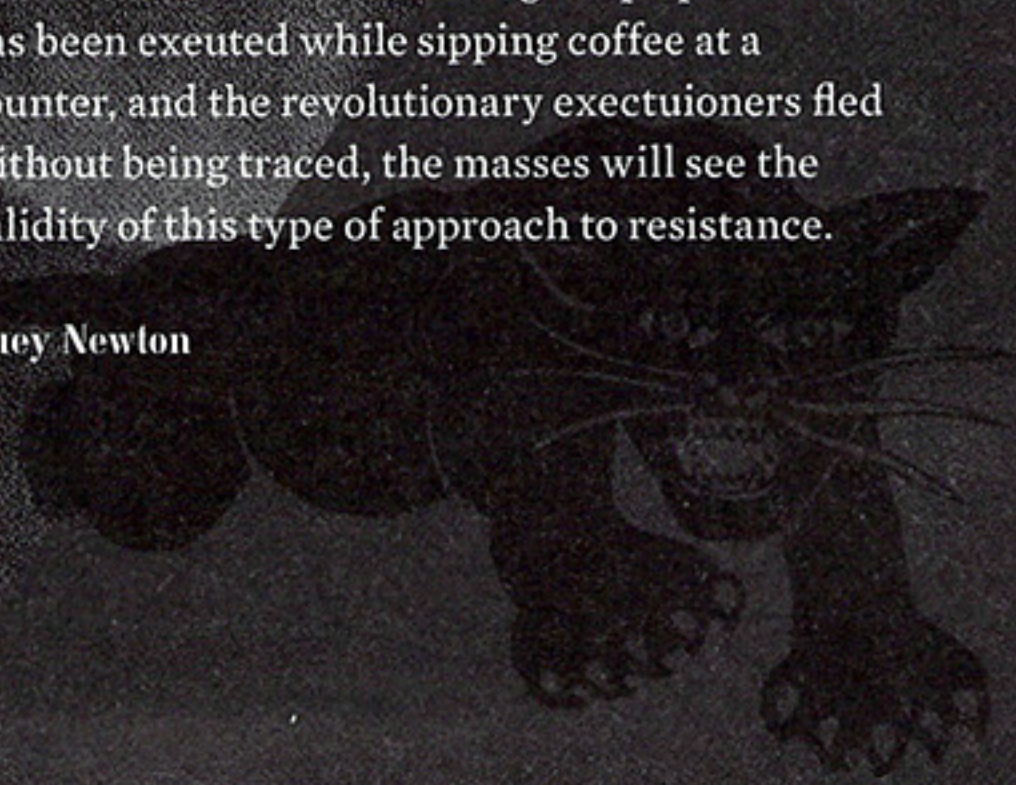
When the masses hear that a gestapo policeman has been executed while sipping coffee at a counter, and the revolutionary executioners fled without being traced, the masses will see the validity of this type of approach to resistance.

Huey Newton

1925—1965

MALCOLM X

“We declare our right on this earth to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary.”



1968

FIRST GREAT GLOBAL UPRISING

We will wreck this world. We will light the first beacons to herald the coming of a greater game. —Guy Debord

In May 1968, the Situationist-inspired Paris riots set off “a chain reaction of refusal” against consumer capitalism. First students, then workers, then professors, nurses, doctors, bus drivers and a piecemeal league of artists, anarchists and Enragés took to the streets, erected barricades, fought with police, occupied offices, factories, dockyards, railway depots, theaters and university campuses, sang songs, issued manifestos, sprayed slogans like live without dead time and down with the spectacular-commodity culture all over their city and challenged the established order of their time in the most visceral way. The breadth of the dissent was remarkable. “Art students demanded the realization of art; music students called for ‘wild and ephemeral music’; footballers kicked out managers with the slogan ‘football to the football players’; gravediggers occupied cemeteries; doctors, nurses, and the interns at a psychiatric hospital organized in solidarity with the inmates.” For a few weeks, millions of people who had worked their whole lives in offices and factories broke from their daily routines and ... lived.

It was “the largest general strike that ever stopped the economy of an advanced industrial country, and the first wildcat general strike in history,” and it spread rapidly, first around Paris and France and then around the world. At the height of the uprising in Paris’s Latin Quarter, 50,000 people marched in Bonn, and 3,000 took to the streets in Rome. Three days later, students revolted at the University of Milan. The next day, students staged a sit-in at the University of Miami. Then skirmishes erupted in Madrid, Berkeley, New York City, Frankfurt and Santiago. The wave reached London, Vancouver, Dakar, Munich, Vienna and Buenos Aires, then Tokyo, Osaka, Zurich, Rio, Bangkok, Düsseldorf, Mexico City, Saigon, La Paz, Chicago, Venice, Montreal and Auckland. For a few heady weeks a tantalizing question hung in the air: What if the whole world turned into the Latin Quarter? Could this be the beginning of the first global revolution?

Kalle Lasn, *Culture Jam*



1946-1975

VIETNAMESE ANTICOLONIAL STRUGGLE

The Vietnamese people finally win their freedom after decades of struggle against both French colonial forces and occupying American soldiers.

The aim of guerrilla warfare is not to wage large-scale battles and win big victories, but to nibble at the enemy, harass him in such a way that he can neither eat nor sleep in peace, to give him no respite, to wear him out physically and mentally, and finally to annihilate him. Wherever he goes, he should be attacked by our guerrillas, stumble on land mines or be greeted by sniper fire. Here is what French soldiers say in their letters: 'In Viet Nam, death is lying in wait for us in every cave, every bush, every pond ...'

Ho Chi Minh, instructions given at a conference

1974

PUNK

1971

GREENPEACE

Activists launched boats from Vancouver, Canada, to oppose nuclear testing in Alaska. An environmental institution was born.

God save the Queen, the fascist regime — Sex Pistols

1979

EARTH FIRST!

Convinced that the mainstream environmental movement had sold out, Dave Foreman advocated militant action in defense of the Earth including environmental sabotage techniques known as monkeywrenching.

I tell you plainly that a dark, dangerous future lies ahead and that it is your duty to resist and to serve Islam and the Muslim peoples. Protest against the pressure exerted upon our oppressed people every day. Purge yourselves of your apathy and selfishness; stop seeking excuses and inventing pretexts for evading your responsibility. You have more forces at your disposal than the Lord of the Martyrs (upon whom be peace) did, who resisted and struggled with his limited forces until he was killed. If (God forbid) he had been a weak, apathetic, and selfish person, he could have come up with some excuse for himself and remained silent. His

enemies would have been only too happy for him to remain silent so that they could attain their vile goals, and they were afraid of his rebelling. But he dispatched Muslims to procure the people's allegiance to him so that he might overthrow that corrupt government and set up an Islamic government. If he had sat in some corner in Medina and had nothing to do with anyone, everyone would have respected him and come to kiss his hand. And if you sit silently by, you too will be respected, but it will be the kind of respect that is given to a dead saint. A dead saint is respected by everyone, but a living saint or Imam has his head cut off.

From the writings and declarations of Imam Khomeini, October 1971

THE IRANIAN REVOLUTION

After ousting democratically elected Prime Minister Mohammad Mosaddeq in a coup engineered by the CIA, the Shah of Iran is himself overthrown by a popular mass uprising resulting in the formation of the Islamic Republic of Iran.

1979



COMMUNISM IMPLODES

1987–1991

The motto of the year – and not just in Czechoslovakia – was *Pravda vítězí*, the old Hussite slogan, adopted by Masaryk, ‘Truth shall prevail,’ or, in the still more ancient Latin, *Magna est veritas et praevalēbit*. As one talks in English of a ‘moment of truth’ for some undertaking, so this was a year of truth for communism. There is a real sense in which these regimes lived by the word and perished by the word.

For what, after all, happened? A few thousands, then tens of thousands, then hundreds of thousands went onto the streets. They spoke a few words. ‘Resign!’ they said. ‘No more shall we be slaves!’ ‘Free elections!’ ‘Freedom!’ And the walls of Jericho fell. And with the walls, the communist parties simply crumbled. At astonishing speed. By the end of 1989, the Hungarian Socialist Workers’ Party had split in two, with the majority of its members leaving for good. In January 1990, the Polish United Workers’ party followed suit. Within three months, East Germany’s Socialist Unity Party lost its leading role, its name, and at least half its members. The inner decay of these parties recalled the remark of a German poet in 1848: ‘Monarchy is dead, though monarchs still live.’

Timothy Garton Ash, *We the People: The Revolution of '89 Witnessed in Warsaw, Budapest, Berlin and Prague*

1989

THE TIANANMEN SQUARE PROTESTS

Seven weeks of protests by students and intellectuals against China’s authoritarian government ends in a bloody massacre.

1982

HEZBOLLAH

This nation has a message, a religion, a culture and tremendous capabilities. All that this nation needed was to regain its freedom and will. Now it is regaining them through the blood of young martyrs. We therefore tell all those who have held conferences and discussed the tragedy for the past 50 years: Do not despair, do not be pessimistic, and do not become hostages to theories and your imagination. Come and join us in the real world, the world of jihad and martyrdom, and you will see that we are able to change the equation.

Sayyed Hassan Nasrallah, Secretary General of Hezbollah

1987

HAMAS

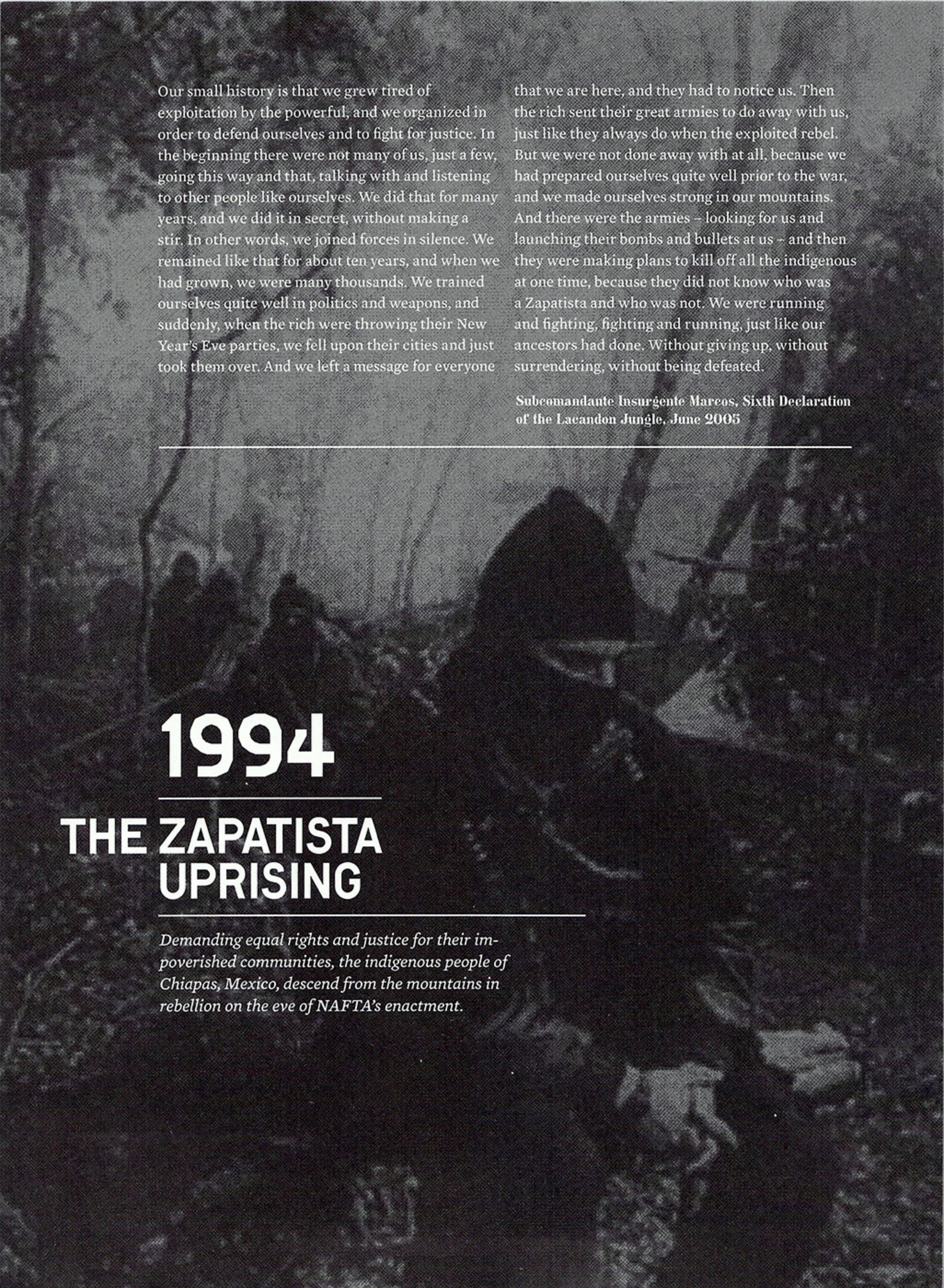
With every threat to me, I feel proud that I am a bone in the enemy's throat. When the enemy chases me, threatens me and tries to assassinate me, it makes me feel that I am walking, thanks be to God, on the right path.

People who want the liberation of their land, self-determination, independence and freedom from occupation must be patient. They have no choice other than sacrifice and resistance. Our people are noble and have practiced this for dozens of years and will continue to do so.

Military force is an option that our people resort to because nothing else works. Israel's conduct and the collusion of the international community, whether through silence or indifference or actual embroilment, vindicate armed resistance. We would love to see this conflict resolved peacefully. If occupation were to come to an end and our people enabled to exercise self-determination in their homeland, there would then be no need for any use of force.

Khaled Meshal, Damascus-based leader of Hamas





Our small history is that we grew tired of exploitation by the powerful, and we organized in order to defend ourselves and to fight for justice. In the beginning there were not many of us, just a few, going this way and that, talking with and listening to other people like ourselves. We did that for many years, and we did it in secret, without making a stir. In other words, we joined forces in silence. We remained like that for about ten years, and when we had grown, we were many thousands. We trained ourselves quite well in politics and weapons, and suddenly, when the rich were throwing their New Year's Eve parties, we fell upon their cities and just took them over. And we left a message for everyone

that we are here, and they had to notice us. Then the rich sent their great armies to do away with us, just like they always do when the exploited rebel. But we were not done away with at all, because we had prepared ourselves quite well prior to the war, and we made ourselves strong in our mountains. And there were the armies – looking for us and launching their bombs and bullets at us – and then they were making plans to kill off all the indigenous at one time, because they did not know who was a Zapatista and who was not. We were running and fighting, fighting and running, just like our ancestors had done. Without giving up, without surrendering, without being defeated.

Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos, Sixth Declaration of the Lacandon Jungle, June 2005

1994

THE ZAPATISTA UPRISING

Demanding equal rights and justice for their impoverished communities, the indigenous people of Chiapas, Mexico, descend from the mountains in rebellion on the eve of NAFTA's enactment.



1999

The Spanish artist Marcelo Expósito traces the origins of the counter-globalization movement in his film *Radical Imagination (Carnivals of Resistance)*. Expósito's film explores a key aspect of the new movement: the carnival. As one of his interviewees put it, "It was common sense. Unless you create a space where people enjoy changing the world, a space of joy and conviviality, you are not going to change anything ... We wanted to get away from a traditional confrontational protest situation and prefigure our imagined world in the moment of the protest itself."

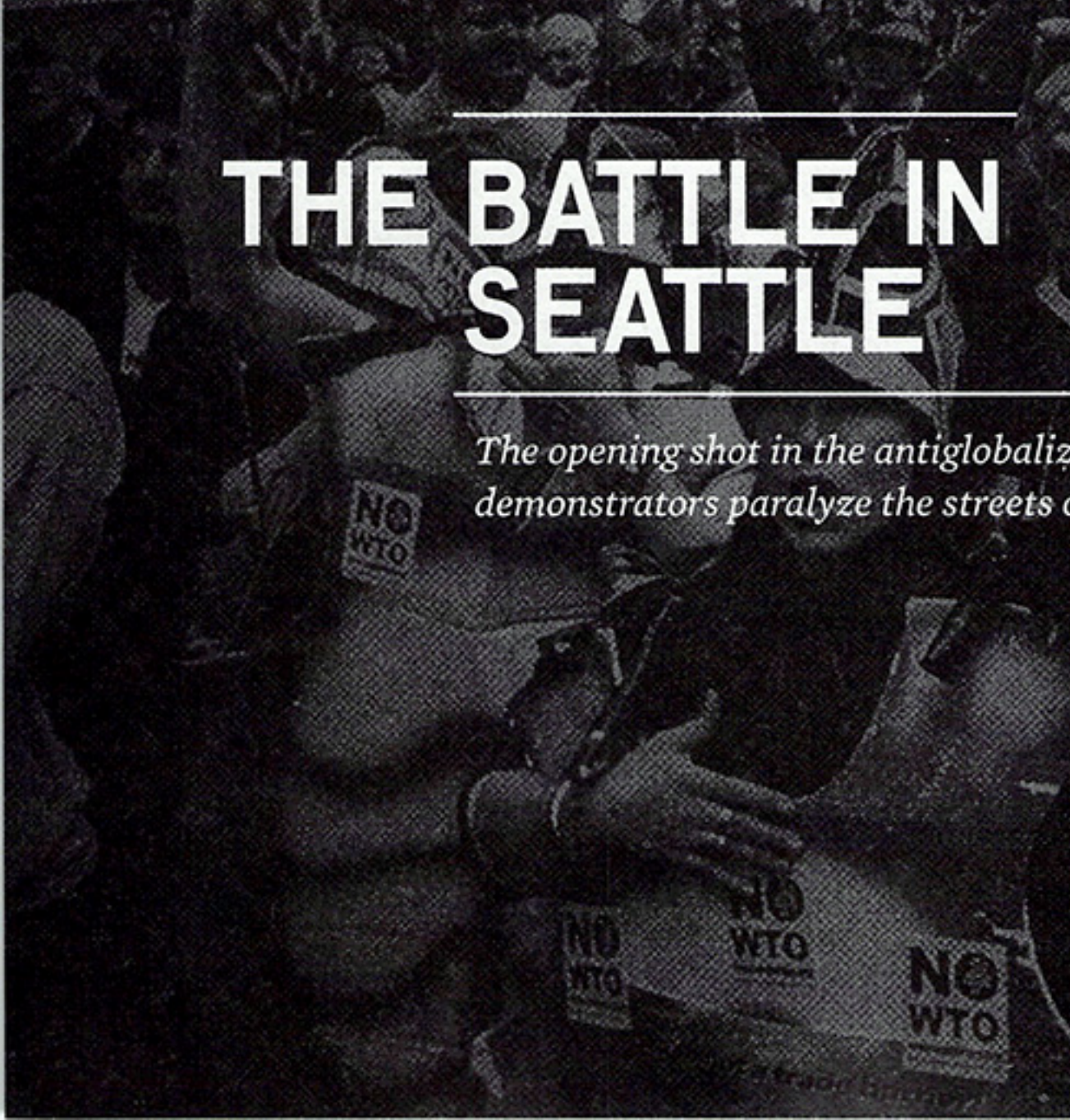
During the mid-1990s activists and revolutionaries increasingly began to question the joyless and stoic traditions handed down by the left. The idea that the new world was born in the here and now out of people's joy and desire for a more human existence was counterposed to the transcendent notion that struggle would bring the promised land of happiness and equality tomorrow. Subcomandante Marcos, the influential spokesperson for the Zapatistas, explained this shift: The revolution, in general, is no longer imagined according to socialist patterns of realism, that is as men and women stoically marching behind a waving red flag toward a luminous future. Rather it has become a sort of carnival.

Concurrent with this shift was a growing interest in the ideas of the Russian philosopher and literary theorist Mikhail Bakhtin. Expósito's film is structured around a series of quotes from Bakhtin's *Rabelais and His World*. Bakhtin saw the carnival as a popular expression of subversion or a "world turned inside out" in which people could make fun of the systems of power that structured their everyday existence. This freedom allowed them to parody "normal life" – not just in an imaginary way but also in an embodied way that celebrated abundance and lived out feelings of pleasure in a temporary space without hierarchies.

From *I Don't Know Much about Revolution but I Know What I Like* by Zanny Beğg in the Winter 2010 issue of *Overland*.



THE BATTLE IN SEATTLE



The opening shot in the antiglobalization movement, thousands of demonstrators paralyze the streets of Seattle during the WTO conference.

9/11

Revolution: A rupture in the normal practice of politics and society which destroys the regime's monologue.



Thomas Hoepker
Magnum Photos



2001

SECOND PALESTINIAN INTIFADA

The Palestinian territories explode in open revolt after Ariel Sharon's provocative visit to the Temple Mount. Israeli forces are met with stone throwing and armed resistance while suicide bombers target Israel's civilian population.

Authored by an anonymous group of French activists and intellectuals known as "the Invisible Committee," The Coming Insurrection is a manual that predicts the imminent collapse of capitalist culture and outlines a strategy for revolution. Written in the wake of widespread riots that gripped French suburbs in 2005, the text is interpreted by some as an anarchist manifesto, a Situationist-inspired call to arms. The French government called it a "manual for terrorism."

THE COMING INSURRECTION

2007

2003

THE IRAQI INSURGENCY

Suppose Iraq invaded America, and an Iraqi soldier was on a tank passing through an American street, waving his gun at the people, threatening them, raiding and trashing houses, would you accept that? This is why no Iraqi can accept the occupation. Don't be surprised by their reactions. Their attitudes are normal.

An Iraqi imam interviewed in Meeting Resistance

2009

IRANIAN ELECTION REVOLT

Previously unimaginable protests erupt in Iran after Mahmoud Ahmadinejad is reelected amid claims of widespread electoral fraud.

2006

SOMALI PIRATES

Wearing rags and armed only with worn AK-47's and grappling hooks, Somali pirates take to the seas in rickety skiffs to hijack massive oil tankers, luxury yachts and heavy weapons shipments.

We call them criminals but at home they are viewed as Robin Hood style heroes. They earned \$150 million in ransoms in 2008 alone, an immense amount of money in their exploited and impoverished war-ravaged country.

When Somalia's government collapsed in 1991 Western ships began dumping barrels of toxic waste off the country's unprotected coast while Somalia's waters were plundered of tuna by international fishing fleets. The first semblance of a steady government in 15 years was overthrown with US support in 2006 because of its Islamic foundations. With their health and livelihoods in jeopardy and with no opportunities for a better life, Somali fishermen resorted to piracy, targeting the 20,000 ships that pass the Gulf of Aden each year and taking direct action against the world's inequitable power structures.

2010

THE PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE ON CLIMATE CHANGE AND THE RIGHTS OF MOTHER EARTH

30,000 people from around the world answered Bolivian President Evo Morales' call for a popular counter to the UN climate talks. Participants demanded that wealthy states pay reparations to address the "climate debt" they owe to impoverished countries and hold a global referendum on climate change to let the world's people determine their future.

THE SECOND GREAT GLOBAL UPRISING



The Paris riot of May 1968 was the largest wildcat strike that ever stopped the economy of an advanced industrial country, and the weeks of worldwide rioting that followed was the first global general strike in history. But this brief, hot, Situationist-inspired happening stopped short of becoming a full-fledged global mindshift. The riots died down. The protests petered out. Governments restored control, and the status quo crept back in. The Situationists failed to get the ball over the line, so to speak, because they were, in several respects, ahead of their time. The spectacular, mediated world of spectacle they so compellingly described and its menacing implications were too new and strange for people in the 60s to fully grasp. And the Situationists themselves were, I think, caught wrong-footed. They and the students, workers, artists and intellectuals they inspired didn't have their memes figured out. At the height of the uprisings, when they had the ear of the world, they did not know what to say beyond a few cryptic pronouncements: "The Beginning of an Epoch," said the Situationists. "The death rattle of the historical irrelevants," said Zbigniew Brzezinski, national security advisor to the US president.

But we've had 40 years to think about what the Situationists were talking about, and it's finally starting to make sense. In that time, modern media culture has metastasized. Consumer capitalism has triumphed. We're in the spectacle. The spectacle is in us. We are living in what Guy Debord, in the last years of his life, described as the "integrated spectacle," characterized by "incessant technological renewal, integration of state and economy, generalized secrecy, unanswerable lies, an eternal present."

Today, as ecosystems crash, climate tipping points loom and a last mad scramble is underway for what's left of the world's resources, a confused and deeply troubled population is ready to act out. "Direct our cynicism, direct our rage," they seem to be saying. Forty years ago the Situationists had a half-baked idea about détourning consumer capitalism, putting power in the hands of the people and constructing a spontaneous new way of life. Now it's up to a new crop of culture jammers and creatives with a fresh set of memes and strategies to finish the job.

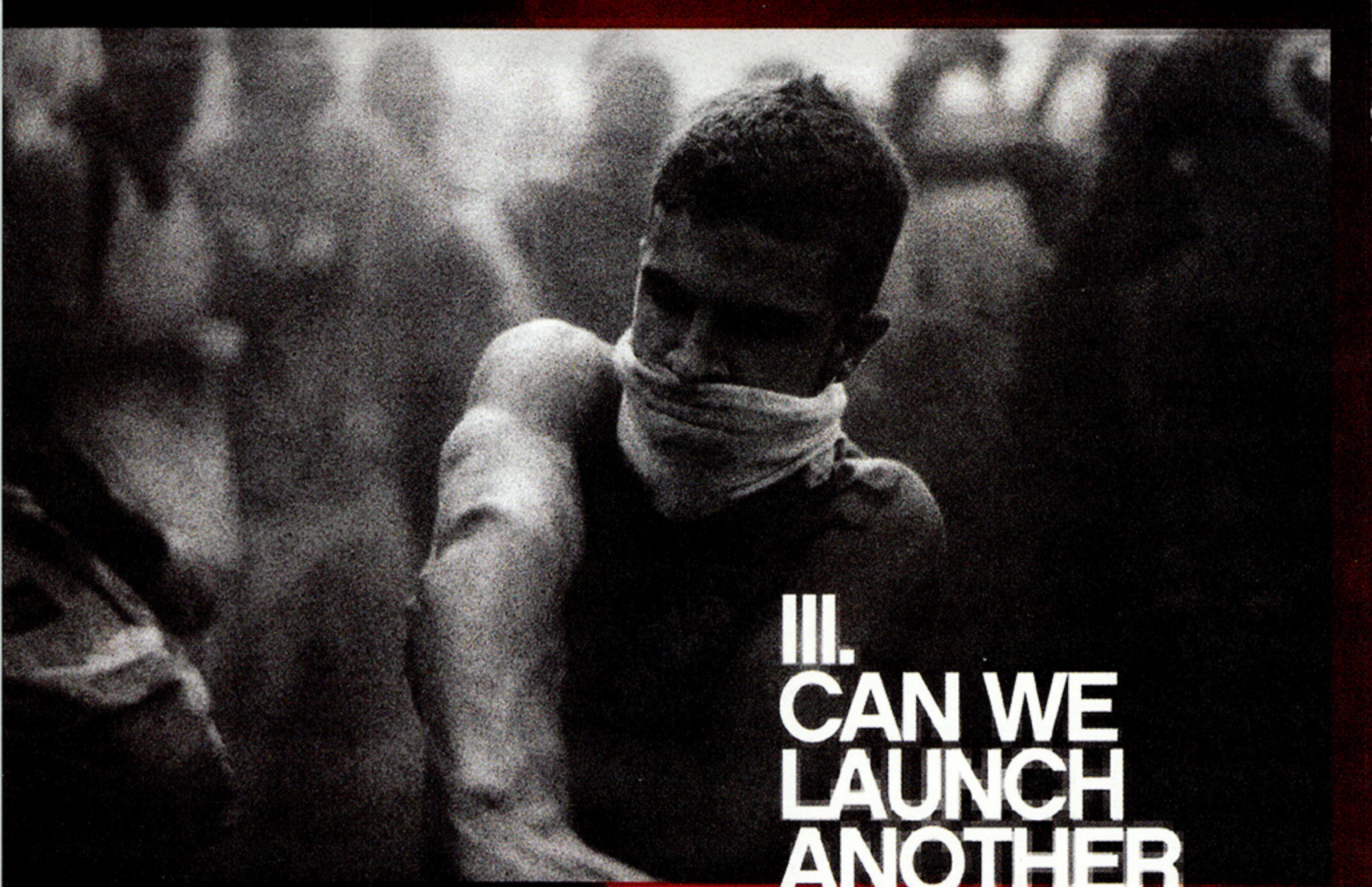
ADBUSTERS 91

THE REVOLUTION ISSUE



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HAS THE
WILD HUMAN
SPIRIT BEEN
TAMED?

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adbusters.org

Dear Adbusters,

Your subvertisement titled "Pfizer:
Why don't we put this company
out of business?" [Adbusters, #90]
is a step in the right direction,
but your three-strikes out rule
for corporations falls short of the
change we need.

The root of the problem is not
in some moral failing of Pfizer
Inc. That company did precisely
what it is "supposed to do". It is
compelled by competition and
its charter to maximize profits for
its stockholders, while ignoring
or even covering up any adverse
consequences.

To behave honorably puts a
company at a competitive
disadvantage, and so a CEO who
exhibits any conscience will be
quickly replaced. The fines levied
for a company's crimes are so
small, compared to its annual
profits, that they are seen as
simply part of the cost of doing
business. And Congress will not
change the laws as long as they
continue to receive large campaign
contributions from corporations.

We need to overhaul not just
Pfizer, but the entire economic
and cultural system. A three-
strikes rule suggests that the
system is basically workable and
merely needs a bit of fine-tuning to
eliminate "a few bad apples," but in
fact the entire tree is poisoned.

Eric Schechter, Nashville, TN

WHOLE BRAIN CATALOG



access to therapies

Summer 2010

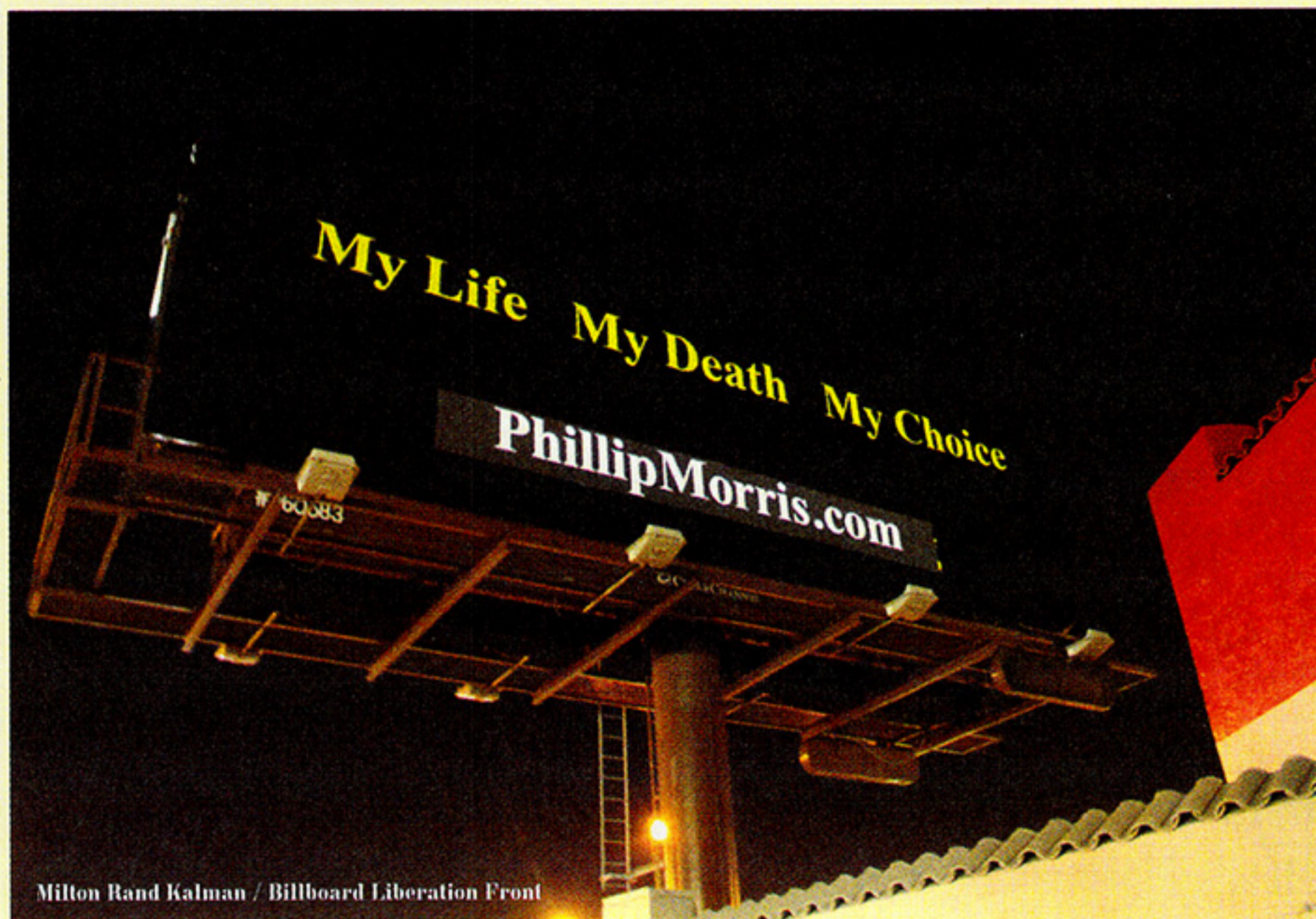
\$8.95

BP + ME

Like a cancerous tumor, the
oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico
is exterminating life along the
Gulf and Atlantic coastlines with
reckless abandon. But focusing
only on BP misses the big picture.
According to the Department of
Energy, 71 percent of American
oil consumption goes toward
transportation. We would not
need 4,000 oil rigs in the Gulf
of Mexico if there were not
250,000,000 passenger vehicles
endlessly burning gasoline across
200,000 miles of highways and
urban streets.

Every gasoline-pumping
American over the age of 16
shares the guilt for what's
happening in the Gulf. If life
beyond today's generation is
to survive, it will be because
of at least two changes:
abandoning the automobile
and rebuilding human-size
villages and cities. It starts by
dropping the keys so Florida
can get hers back some day.

Kevin Monahan, Chicago, IL



San Francisco's Billboard Liberation Front has been jamming ads for over 30 years. Their most recent détournement, a Phillip Morris ad on Van Ness street, packs quite a punch.

billboardliberation.com

THE FREEDOM FLOTILLA

Despite the attempts by Israel to dictate its version of the events surrounding the raid on the **Mavi Marmara**, the reality is clear in the popular consciousness. Both the raid and the Israeli PR offensive that followed have backfired and serve to further entrench Israel's reputation as a pariah state. The question that has to be asked is why Israel decided to violate international law and pursue its dispute with international aid workers as violently as it did.

The raid was a reaction against a rising tide of civil disobedience challenging the Israeli regime. In the village of Beit Jala, Palestinians are lining up in the street to shout, chant and sing rather than resort to violence. The attack on the **Mavi Marmara** was intended to warn others engaged in peaceful resistance that they will suffer the same fate. The unusually strong international outcry following the raid suggests that there is a widening gap between the Israeli regime's self-perception and how it is viewed abroad. Although most governments are unlikely to move beyond verbal condemnations to concrete action, Israel can no longer take international complicity for granted.

The Israeli people have to wake up to the international perception of their regime and set the process of change in motion.

Benedict Rutherford

DEPRESSION

In your last issue [**Adbusters**, #89] Jeffrey Andreoni wrote a piece entitled "Why Can't I Feel What I See?" In it Andreoni asked, "Why is my generation, one of privilege and wealth, experiencing higher rates of depression than any previous generation?"

Could it be because we are inundated with so much information? From the hoards of subliminal messages that teach us to inhale shiny objects to the more obvious manifestations that train us to believe happiness and money have a fifty-fifty relationship.

Too much information means too many choices, which is ruining our ability to distinguish toxic information from valid knowledge.

With so many choices we can't form an opinion, so we look upon someone else to make those choices for us. We need instructions for almost every facet of life. We are told what to eat, how to attract the opposite sex, how to wash our clothes, how to get rich or how to stay poor.

Who are these instruction police? They are the aggressive, brand power peddlers that tell you what to do – and when and how to do it. And we are the passive generation that grants them the power to do so.

We're losing our ability to reason and experiencing increasing levels of doubt, anxiety and depression. We care too much about our extrinsic selves that we have a dwindling relationship with compassion, kindness and love.

Or is it that my generation is just bored with life?

Deepi Harish, Mississauga, ON



Dear Adbusters,

I attended a story reading session at a local bar in LA. Of course after a long day I wanted a drink, so the bouncer checked my ID and then asked for my right wrist. Me being the good robot that I am, offered my wrist and was promptly tagged with this beautiful piece of marketing. I made a promise to myself last night, I will never ever drink Heineken again in my life, I stopped drinking it back in college anyways but it's now on my own personal corporate blacklist.

Sincerely,
Shaheen

Hey Teach,

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- Spoof ad projects
- Interactive DVD

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NEGATIVITY

Dear Adbusters,

Your magazine leaves me conflicted and I'm wondering if the "anti-" approach is really helpful. I agree that in order for any problem to be fixed, you must understand what it is. You can't fight an enemy you can't see. It's true, society is very sick, our Earth is in decline and we've dismantled our faculty for critical, independent thinking. All of these issues are every bit as serious as you make them out to be.

But what is accomplished by the overwhelming amount of negativity? It's like Pandora's box; you have released all but hope.

"What can be done? What can we do? Go out and love, love, love everyone." —Akron/Family

Respectfully,
Kendall

HOW TO DO IT

Dear Adbusters,

I would love to see Adbusters publish a how-to guide.

Way back in the late 90s you published a section on how to make stink bombs out of glass jars and paint bombs out of egg shells. It was all so great to read as a 19 year old. Now at the ripe old age of 30, I need a new how-to guide.

Help me learn how to stay anonymous online and in real life, keep my public records off third party companies and buy real food – and seeds that won't commit suicide.

Ruzena Maturova



Hey Adbusters, here is a photo taken by me at the Magdalen Islands (îles de la Madeleine), Québec, Canada
Long live Adbusters !!!!!
Caroline De la Motte

DESIGN ANARCHY

**What design needs is ten years of total turmoil –
fuck-it-all anarchy – after that maybe it will mean
something again, stand for something again. -**

Kalle Lasn

Hardcover, 416 pages
1200 photographs, illustrations, détournements

adbusters.org

the quiet bomb that levels the marketplace

When we launched Blackspot shoes in 2004, our fellow activists, friends and loyal readers didn't take the news well. Some lashed out at us for getting involved in the system we oppose – specifically branding, capitalism and the marketplace. Some called us sellouts, others called us worse.

But it wasn't as simple as that. We've never been against selling things, only the kind of exploitive selling that corrupts culture with psychologically harmful messages, profits from the destruction of the earth, and abuses vulnerable people in sweatshops to turn a profit. We believe in the kind of revolutionary, true cost marketplace we are trying to create with our Blackspot venture. And over the years Blackspot has got a lot of lefties thinking outside the old leftie box. Thousands of left-leaning small business ventures have opened around the world in the last ten years, many of them inspired by the Blackspot philosophy.

What we hope to show is that by transforming business we can transform society and entrepreneurship has become a legitimate avenue for activism. Blackspot, and other similar capitalist ventures that are small, independent, and ethically-minded, represent a vision of a reformed marketplace. As people become aware of the side effects of the low prices they pay at the Walmart checkout, and the high price of wearing Nike's fashionable shoes, spending habits change. As ordinary people start to go out of their way to practice ethical bottom-up consumerism – buying from local and independent retailers, and keeping the big retail chains out of their communities – megacorporate capitalism gets turned on its head. It doesn't have the rush or the instant gratification of taking to the streets and staring down the men holding batons and pepper spray, but it's revolutionary nonetheless – another way of fighting back against corporate domination of our lives.

There's a lot of work to do if we are going to avoid the dangers that loom ahead, but in the meantime, whatever else we do, let's vow, whenever possible, to stop feeding the beast. With every purchase you feel you have to make, buy it from a local retailer and if something is not available locally, buy from an independent retailer, not a chain. When we do this together, we detonate a quiet bomb that has the potential to level the marketplace.

ECOPSYCHOLOGY

Hey Adbusters,

I suffer from parasomnia which in my case means I have episodes of sleepwalking that overlap with night terrors. Recently I began having episodes two to three times a week and my behavior was becoming quite dangerous. I was sent to a sleep psychologist in an attempt to get my episodes under control. It turns out that they are directly related to stress and tend to get noticeably worse during stressful times. As expected, I was prescribed pharmaceuticals (Clonazepam) on my second visit without attempting any alternatives. I have always been skeptical of allowing a pill to alter my brain chemistry and after reading the Ecopsychology portion along with the article concerning stress by Priscilla Long [Adbusters, #89]; I was determined to devise a treatment plan for myself that involved exercise as well as nature.

By consciously making an effort to spend as much time outside as possible, I have seen a noticeable improvement. The simple act of riding a bike instead of driving my car has been great exercise both physically and mentally. Instead of spending my free time empty

gazing into a bright computer screen, I'll simply step outside and admire the inherent beauty within nature. If I'm tired, I'll sleep outside and let my subconscious mind reap the benefits of being surrounded by the outdoors. Instead of dreading the stormy days that summer brings, I calmly admire the absolute and undeniable power of the natural world. The euphoric qualities of nature have been proven as an effective treatment in my case and I have not had a single episode in over three weeks.

Nature is the most organic remedy of all, yet we neglect its healing potential on a daily basis. While I do acknowledge that nature can't fix everything, I do believe that it is an essential stepping stone in repairing our psyches. It is time to reclaim our sanity through natural means; we are long overdue.

Get outside and live.

Collin Lamkin

Send us your stories,
photographs, epiphanies:
editor@adbusters.org
artdirector@adbusters.org

Don't miss a single mind bomb.

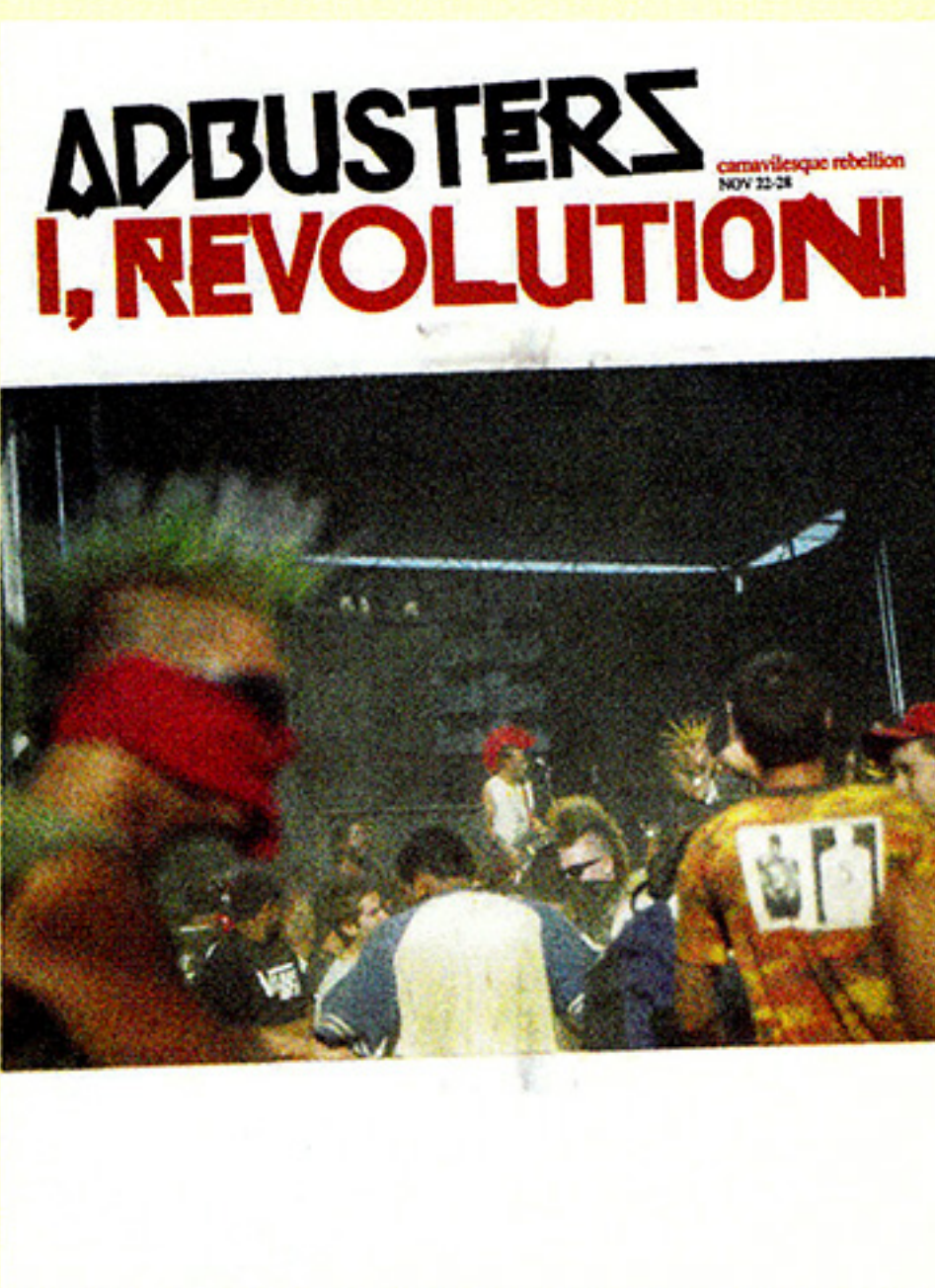
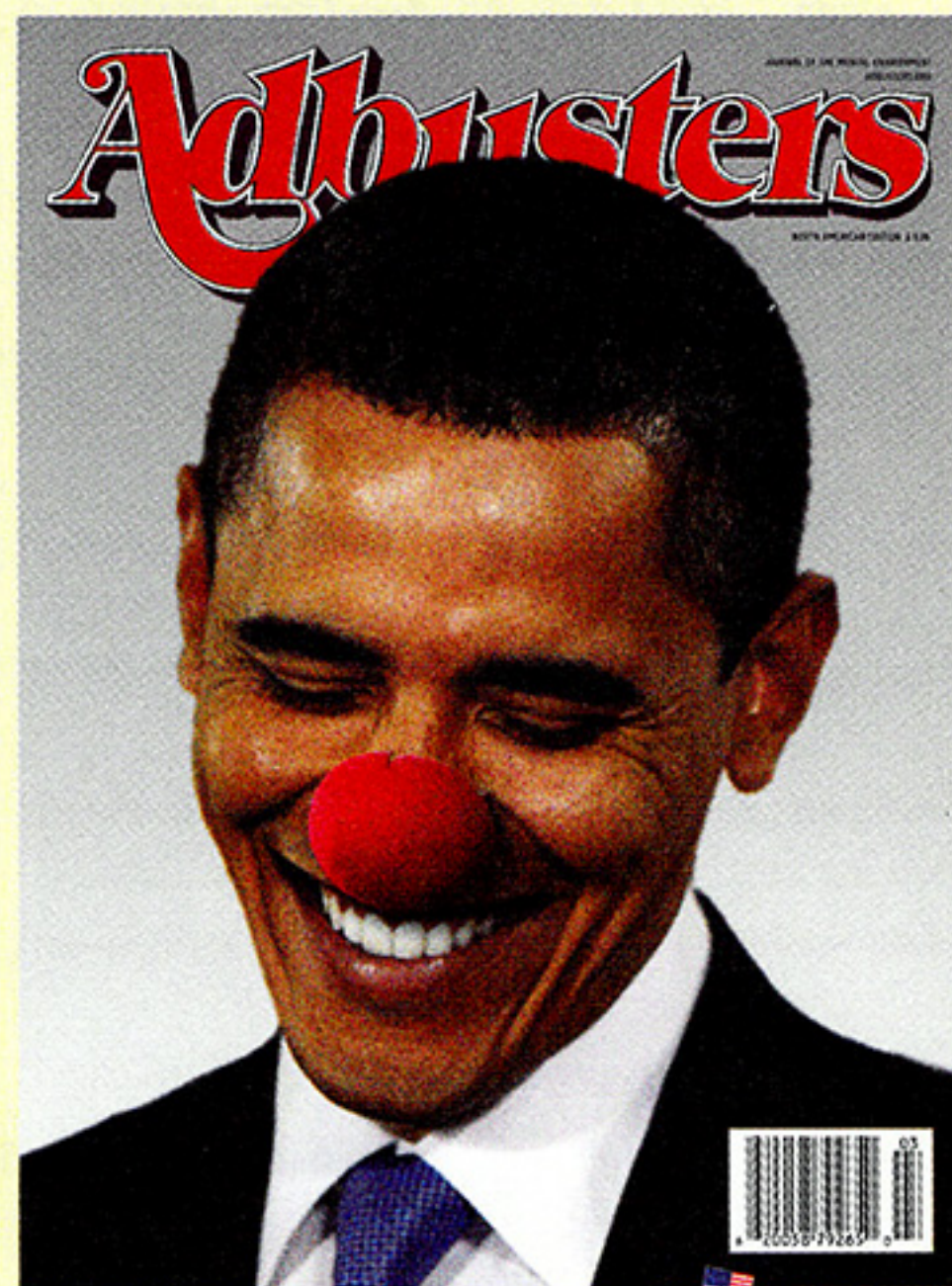


Photo Janine Gordon
Design by Pedro Inoue

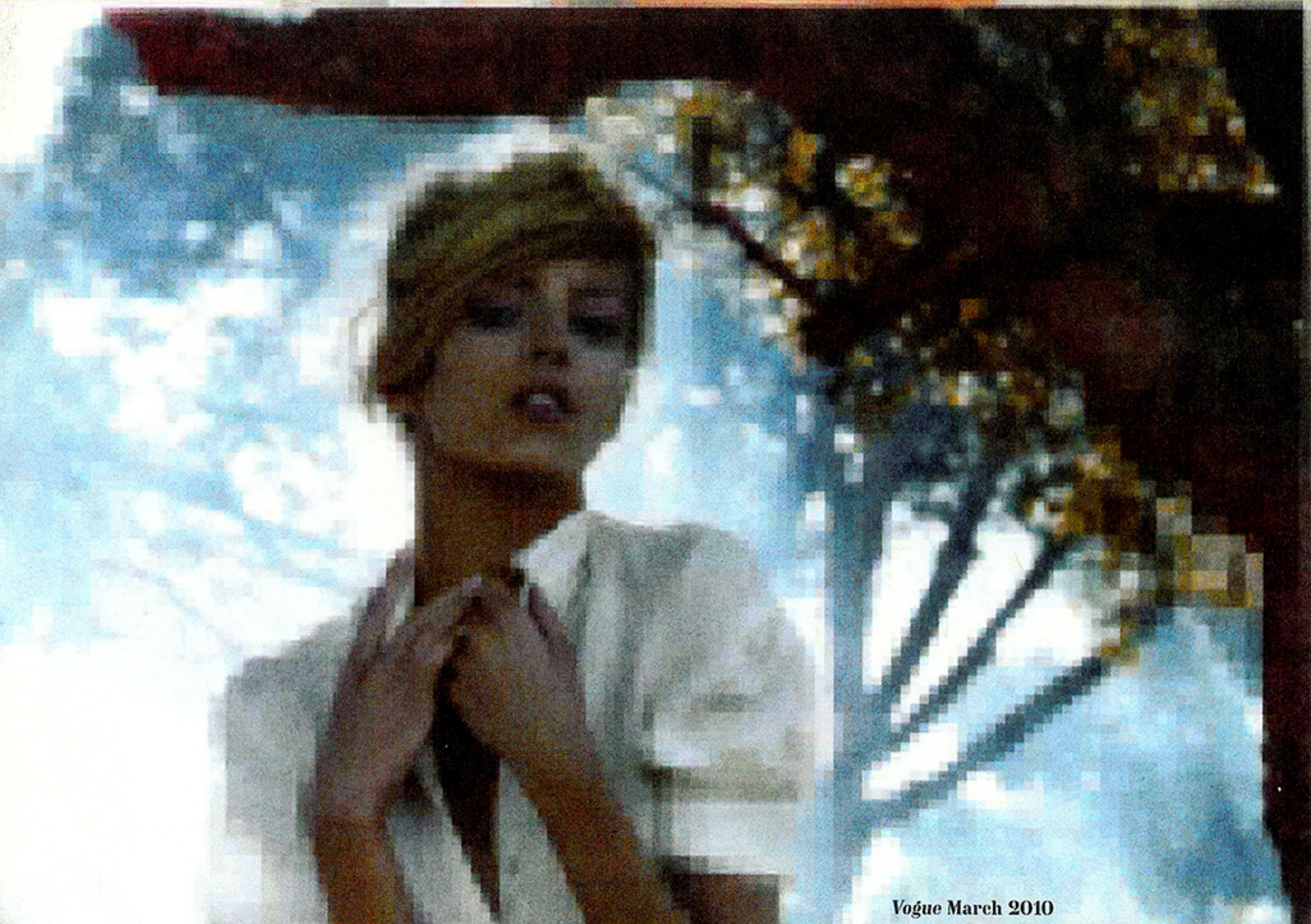


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VICTOR



NYT Design Spring 2010



Vogue March 2010

I.
HAS THE
WILD
HUMAN
SPIRIT
BEEN TAMED
?

My dearest Revolution,

How I miss you in my life. I remember clearly letting you slip away, thinking to myself it would be alright. But as the days and weeks turned into months and then years, I find myself searching for you time and time again. I swear I catch glimpses of you in different places, but they are just fleeting, teasing illusions.

From time to time I see your friend Discontent stirring up protests, and I think you must not be far behind. But the violence he stirs up is often aimless and misguided, merely attempting to disrupt, with no hope for a lasting change. I watched the mobs protest at the G8 meeting in Genoa and my heart beat a little bit faster watching their pure energy, feeling you must be there to lead them forward to a better world. But the protesters were herded up at night, pushed away, knocked back time and time again, and one was even shot. And then it was over. The stage was gone; the world was left unchanged.

I forgive you for your infidelity with Fidel. After all, at the time he certainly needed you. And anyone, anything, was better than what they had. Even from afar, that affair rocked the world: The passion you gave to each other left us awestruck. But like so many others, once he got what he wanted he pushed you away, beyond the reach of those who once breathlessly gasped your name.

Still I watch the politicians blithely ignore the will of their people, certain that your name must be remembered. I sit up straighter, my breath ragged, thinking of how things will change once your presence is felt. When I realize you are nowhere to be found, I sag back into my seat.

But I haven't abandoned all hope: I still look for you.

I was sure I'd get a glimpse of you when oil filled the Gulf of Mexico. I was sure the environmentalists would join forces with the natives to call you out and demand change. But the lawyers got there first. I wept bitter tears when instead of demanding change, they demanded money. Twenty billion dollars – the price we have finally put on the environment. Between you and me, it's way too low.


Your appearances have been so rare and fleeting these days that people have forgotten what you look like. Everyone is pretending that they're somehow in league with you. Even cars claim to be "revolutionary" now. Gadgets, too. They use your favorite color – wet, blood red – to get our attention. But when the ad agencies mimic you, it only makes me miss you more.

Revolution, I need you back. I cannot stand another day without you. I want everyone to feel the passion you bring out in me: the longing for a better world.

Come back, darling. Please. I need you.

All my love,

S



A dark, bloodstained arc of setbacks, failures, and defeats, an arc nearly two centuries old, looms over the left: from, in Marx's nineteenth century, the unsuccessful workers' revolutions that swept Europe in 1848 and the inspiring but excruciatingly brief Paris Commune brutally put down in May 1871 after barely two months in effective existence to, in the twentieth century, the evaporation of and ensuing reaction against May 1968 ...

Adrian Johnston

the dinner party in berkeley

by Micah White

The dinner party began against a backdrop of blue skies and blooming jasmine. It was a typical June day in Berkeley. The studio apartment was light and airy, but small, so they seated themselves in a circle – some on cushions scattered around the immaculate floor, others on mismatched chairs, all reasonably comfortable. The well-nourished students passed a plate of Gouda with sun-dried tomato bread and they made pleasantries: inquiring after the progress of each others' graduate work, summer language courses in Greek and French and mentor relationships with their celebrated professors. Here assembled a sample of this nation's intellectual elite, products of the best schools, pupils of the greatest thinkers, torchbearers of refined leftist, deconstructionist critique.

Following the mores of good society, each spoke to their immediate neighbor. Seeking common ground for idle chat, topics drifted from popular culture to academia and from Craigslist to vegan food – pairs sought opportunities to laugh and smile, to share wit and be happy, to revel in their cultural ascent and to act, for a moment, as if the future were bright and life were good. But it was a charade.

If only this dinner had taken place in a previous generation, before the failure of consumerist ideology and the imminent threat of ecological collapse cast their shadow across atavistic bourgeois enjoyment ... then, perhaps, the conversation would have stayed plain and the imagined comfort of the room unbroken. But the repression depleted their psychic energy, and the gestures of merriment felt strained. As the group proceeded into the kitchen for the second course, a few empathic ones saw in their mind's eye that the once clean floor was sticky with black tar and faintly heard the struggling, moaning cries of a pelican drowning in crude oil. The cordial game started to unravel.

BP's gushing oil may have been a mile under the sea and thousands of miles away from their sunny bay, but the image of an abyss spewing fuel pounded at their minds. They carried it with them, and although their subconscious sprayed dispersant, existential questions laid siege to the shores of their mindscape. That their children might never know seafood ... that the next act of corporate, industrial ecocide may be even worse ... these thoughts devalued their ivory tower pursuits and forced a confrontation between nihilism and revolution. As anxieties bubbled to the surface, a debate broke out.

The first to speak offered a critique of consumerism. He spoke strongly of consumerism's failure to offer life-affirming values and cautioned that the complacency of the left – progressivism's endorsement of a

weak libertinism in line with consumerist ideology on the one hand and an anarchism lowered to hedonism that refused to limit individual false desires on the other – was making eco-fascists like Pentti Linkola seem appealing. At least, he argued, the eco-fascists are taking the situation seriously enough to propose a complete destruction of the prevailing corporatist social order. And while their endorsement of authoritarian leadership may be distasteful, without a compelling response from the environmentalist left, there didn't seem to be an alternative. While some nodded in agreement, others were aghast.

Two leftists went on the attack.


The first waged war on the idea of an environment that needs protection. She deconstructed the concept of nature and, relying on a school of literary theory known as ecocriticism, she intimated that a colonial ideology of white male supremacy underpins notions of protecting the Earth. Then, adopting the perspective of Third World environmentalists who decry the ban on DDT imposed by European environmentalists because the spray could prevent the spread of malaria, she called her nonwhite interlocutor to account for his imperialist ideology that would insist on limiting the development of the less developed nations. She ended with a declaration that everyone deserves to reach the level of the middle-class American so that they can choose for themselves whether to decrease their consumption.

The second approached from the flank. Acting as if he had never heard a critique of consumerism before in his life, which is sadly a distinct possibility, he demanded a concise definition of consumerism – which he insisted did not exist.

“Consumerism is the belief that money can buy everything worthwhile. Whereas I believe that money can purchase nothing of value,” responded the revolutionary. This neutralized the flabbergasted leftist who was unable to formulate a coherent rebuttal. And as people started to quietly leave the room, the three debaters realized their discussion had soured the air. They were there to consume, after all, and critiques of consumerism did not digest well on a full belly.

And so the discussion came to a close, the final words provided by the leftist deconstructionist who insisted that she was anticapitalist but believed that resistance can be accomplished only through consumption. “There are many people denied access to the marketplace: disabled people, fat people and queer people, for instance. What is truly revolutionary is for these people to subvert consumerism by buying the ‘wrong’ things. Blurring the boundaries, fighting back by finding their identities in consumerism, but not where the marketers would like ... that is radical.”

And with that, nihilism had won by majority vote and the bankruptcy of leftism was plain for all to see.

A photograph of a woman with curly brown hair and glasses, sitting in a cluttered closet. She is wearing a black cardigan over a grey shirt and has a pen in her mouth. The closet is filled with various items, including bras hanging on hangers, a red box, and other miscellaneous objects. A large black circular graphic is overlaid on the upper right portion of the image, containing text.

The unorganized radical left is scattered in confusion and disarray. The center left, when not relegated to being a caged, paper house cat confined to perpetual parliamentary opposition to the right, walks in the corridors of government every once in a while only after dropping all authentically leftist programs at the threshold of each election campaign. Such moderates opportunistically betray leftism in chasing after a center that has been drifting steadily rightward for quite some time now. The right has the momentum in the political systems of the late-capitalist, liberal democratic West, a momentum to which the left is stuck, belatedly reacting again and again within a context whose coordinates are defined by its adversaries. The game is rigged, but the center left keeps playing anyway.

Adrian Johnston



HEY ZUCK, YOU'RE THE MAN

Has one of your friends ever called you "the man"? You know: "Hey, Silkie! Thanks for those Knicks tickets. You're the man." Or this: "Hey, Frank, thanks for helping me move ... you're the man!" Well, if you've been called "the man" then you're a victim of a cultural meme shift. A what? Yes, a cultural meme shift. I know what you're thinking: "What the fuck is this guy talking about?"

Well, listen up, people. There was a time, a time whose hand must rise again, like an hour hand coming up to midnight, time to reclaim a historical cultural meme: The Man.

Not so long ago a whole generation rose up against The Man, refused to work for The Man or to buy into The Man's lifestyle: shiny new car, \$80 Tees, pretentious housing, junk food and Coke. All this expensive crap - expensive in real (true-cost) terms - was brought to you by, you guessed it, The Man.

Being called "the man" was an insult then. But now, 40 years on, it's an honor: "Did you see Johnny pick up that foxy brunette? He's the man!"

What happened? I'll tell you what happened: a cultural meme shift.

You see, "The Man" was a code word that beatniks used and that hippies adopted. To be hip meant you were in the know. You hip to that? To be hip meant you knew what was really going on: The Man was suppressing

people. He was everywhere stopping people from enjoying their freedom. The Man set up the draft and sent 18-year-olds overseas to kill other people. And to be killed: more than 50,000 of them.

The Man said life was about status, power and accumulating stuff he sold, The Man said you had to work your butt off so you could buy all this shit. The Man made pot illegal. The Man also said there would be no fucking in the streets. And those hippies just loved fucking in the streets. Who wouldn't? I mean, is that freedom or what? But I digress. The reason for the meme shift comes down to this:

Those original **FUCK YOU MAN, I AIN'T FIGHTING IN YOUR WAR** brothers and sisters, with the courage to stand up and call out the lies mouthed by the so-called elite from their positions of power and wealth, those once brave brothers and sisters sold out to The Man. Or most of them did.

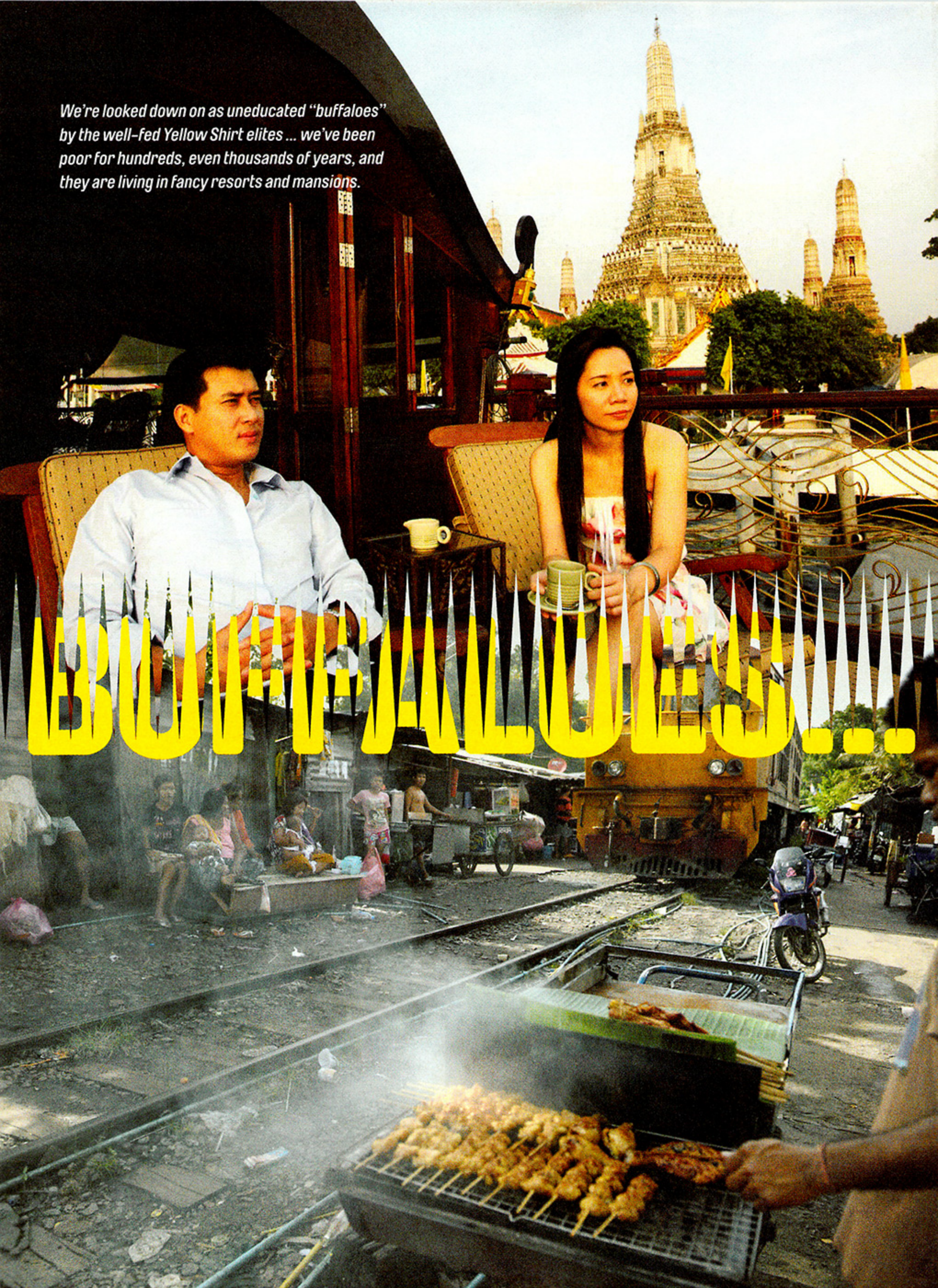
Some of the sellouts are now the ones with power and wealth. They became The Man. The people are lied to, still. But no one is drafted. Just bought. And without any **FUCK YOU, MAN**, the suppressing and killing goes on.

Simple as that, man.

Jason McCelvey

We're looked down on as uneducated "buffaloes" by the well-fed Yellow Shirt elites ... we've been poor for hundreds, even thousands of years, and they are living in fancy resorts and mansions.

BUFFALOES



A REVOLUTION OF THE POSSIBLE

"One after the other, the injured were carried, rushed and dragged inside the temple compound. On bamboo mats, blankets, anything to hand, they were carried in bloodied and screaming. Fearless Red Shirt volunteers did what they could. They used towels, bandages and plasters to try to treat ugly bullet wounds that needed surgery, not first aid kits.

Of those killed yesterday, several died directly outside the temple – and many, many more were wounded. Those sheltering inside the temple were just as vulnerable. In one of the compound's buildings, seven bodies were laid out on the floor.

Early yesterday, thousands of Red Shirt protesters fled the intersection that they had occupied for more than two months after government troops finally forced their way into the barricaded encampment and the protest leaders told them it "was all over." They moved to occupy the sprawling temple area, at the centre of which sits a series of gold-edged buildings. The mood was tense and anxious, but people believed – or so they prayed and hoped – that the troops would not turn their temple into a place of violence.

'After the leadership told us to go home, we came here. They told us it was all over,' said one of the Red Shirts, a woman who had taken shelter within the compound. Another woman, Malee Ngaun Sanga, added: 'As long as I have lived here I have never seen any government so evil.'

And then things rapidly changed. From the west, we could hear loud firing as troops advanced toward the temple area. Some reporters who had been outside said that a small number of Red Shirts were firing back with sling shots, hand guns and petrol bombs. A photographer said he saw a man shot in front of him as he ran away from a line of soldiers, two bullets hitting him in the back and apparently exiting from the chest. The image that photographer had taken did not look good.

Suddenly the firing intensified. The explosions grew louder and appeared to get nearer to us and the crack of weapons became more frequent, their cap-gun noises giving no clue as to their deadly capability.

A bare-chested young man ran in. He had a large, ugly hole in the lower back. Was he struck as he ran or had he already been wounded when he came in? It was too frenetic, too chaotic to be sure. Either way, as soon as they became aware of his injuries, a group of medics ran to his aid, dragging him to what they hoped was safety. The medics turned him over on to his stomach, pressing down with bandages and towels. One woman in particular appeared utterly fearless."

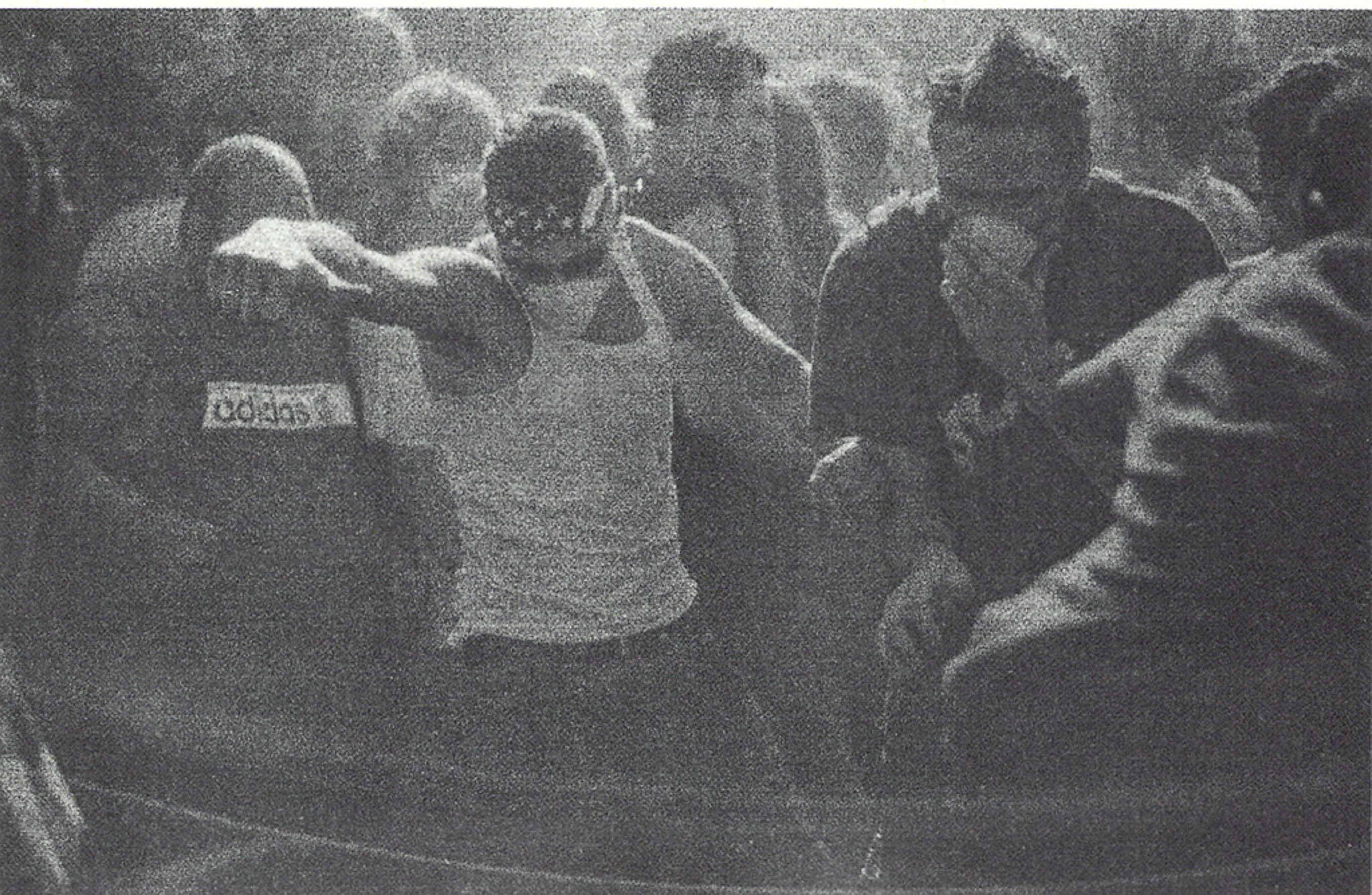
This eyewitness account from Andrew Buncombe first appeared in *The Independent* on May 20, 2010.





IN 2008, AS THE FINANCIAL MELTDOWN LOOMED,
THERE WERE FAINT MURMURINGS THAT CAPITALISM
WAS IN CRISIS. YET IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE
REAL SITUATION TO REVEAL ITSELF: THAT

CAPITALISM IS CRISIS —————



PERMANENT AND PERPETUAL CRISIS.

In Europe, national governments in the pocket of the IMF are imposing stringent austerity measures meant to deliver us from the present financial crisis. Put crudely, these measures save the banks and make the people pay. This re-consolidation of neoliberal capitalism is being met with differing levels of resistance, but for the most part we are caught between anger and action. Neoliberalism, we say with a sigh and a heavy heart, is here to stay. But why are we so unable to think beyond capitalism? The problem, I want to suggest, is one of possibility – and we must recognize another crisis: of the possible.

For too long we have been told what is and what isn't possible. Late last year, the British cultural critic Mark Fisher published a book titled *Capitalist Realism*, that discusses neoliberalism's propaganda project: its insistence that "there is no alternative." This message has been hammered into our collective consciousness so consistently for so long that we have come to assume that neoliberal capitalism is our only option, that it constitutes our reality and we find it difficult to imagine anything else. Fisher reminds us of the quip made by both Fredric Jameson and Slavoj Žižek that it is easier to imagine the end of the world than to imagine the end of capitalism.

Everyone seems agreed that revolution is impossible. So what should be our response if not a descent into nihilism? Right now we certainly should argue as loudly as possible that austerity measures that involve the transfer of responsibility from the rich to the poor should be curtailed. But at the same time we need to explore other possibilities for the long term.

Fisher writes:

"The very oppressive pervasiveness of capitalist realism means that even glimmers of alternative political and economic possibilities can have a disproportionately great effect. The tiniest event can tear a hole in the gray curtain of reaction which has marked the horizons of possibility under capitalist realism. From a situation in which nothing can happen, suddenly anything is possible again."

We need, first of all, a revolution of the possible. We must confront, challenge and condemn the logic of neoliberal capitalism and do all we can to create a space where alternatives are made possible. While we must hold onto ideals of equality and fairness, we don't want to work toward a glorified image of a utopian future society; that is itself to impose limits, to establish another regime of impossibility when we must open ourselves to all possibilities. By acknowledging how deeply we are immersed in capitalism, how capitalist logic has come to curtail our ability to imagine anything beyond itself, we might open up spaces in which alternative possibilities reveal themselves. We must extend the cracks in capitalism's self-image to allow some as yet unimaginable possibility to reveal itself.

Sam Cooper is working toward a PhD at the University of Sussex. His research focuses on the adoption of Situationist theory in Britain.



Land of the free!

A GLOBAL APARTHEID OF DECADENCE AND DEATH

Capitalism has always required disposable populations in order to function. In our system of global apartheid other people must toil in fields and sweatshops, die in resource wars and watch as their countries are poisoned in order for us to enjoy comfortable, privileged lives.

As this reality becomes clearer I am alarmed by the hypocrisy of many of my contemporaries. Young, educated and progressive, they are well informed about the world's problems and sick over the endemic violence, oppression and environmental degradation that they see.

And so they march in protest, volunteer abroad, shop 'green' and insist on drinking fair trade coffee. But when the weekend comes and they let loose at parties, they see no contradiction in snorting cocaine, one of the most exploitative commodities on earth.

They do not seem to care that for coke to make its way up their American noses, Mexican heads must roll in the streets of Juárez. Their indifference does not bode well for the rest of the country.

Decadence and a thirst for instant gratification fuel the insatiable demand for cocaine in the US, while hyper-individualism and a sense of entitlement allow private dealers to legally sell assault weapons with no questions asked and a complete disregard for where they end up.

The trickle down effect of these attitudes is the unbridled brutality ravaging Mexico and the horrific deaths of tens of thousands of people over the last three and a half years. We need to look in the mirror and recognize our own responsibility for the bloodbath next door.

The United States consumes 300 metric tons of cocaine a year, half of the world's annual demand. While it is produced in Colombia, Peru and Bolivia, 90 percent of all cocaine that ends up in the US passes through Mexico.

"The coca plant doesn't grow on Mexican soil. Mexico is merely the straw between the South American refineries and the gringo's nose," explains Alberto Giordano, the publisher of *Narco News*, an online newspaper that covers the war on drugs and Latin American social movements.

The annual profit made transporting cocaine through Mexico is estimated to be close to \$10 billion dollars. Seeking to erode the considerable influence they have held over Mexican society for decades, President Felipe Calderón declared war on the drug cartels when he took office in 2006.

Since then however Mexico has endured a nightmarish wave of unimaginable violence as the cartels – under pressure from the Mexican military – fight each other for control of the smuggling routes to the US market. With so much American money at stake there are no limits to the carnage plaguing Mexico.

Casualty levels are higher than many bitter civil wars as police, soldiers, politicians, judges, journalists and innocent bystanders are all kidnapped and killed on a daily basis. Previously unimaginable atrocities, including massacres at rehab centers and preteen parties, now occur regularly.

In an attempt to intimidate and one-up each other the cartels often torture and execute rivals, throwing their severed heads onto barroom floors and city streets or hanging them from overpasses. In an especially incomprehensible act, assassins removed a man's face and stitched it onto a soccer ball.

Professor John Bailey, Director of the Mexico Project at Georgetown University, says, "It's the cartels' way of sending a message. You could call it savage semiotics."

While American indulgence creates the financial incentive for mass murder, Mexican poverty provides the willing participants. Deprived of other opportunities, there is no shortage of individuals ready to take the lives of others.

"Murders are cheap in Mexico. You can hire a *sicario* to kill for you for \$100," Bailey says.

Bruce Bagley, an expert on narcotics trafficking at the University of Miami explains what is driving Mexicans to kill:

"There are so many young men in Mexico with only partial socialization who want to move up. These young men, often teenagers as young as 13, don't see any real opportunities for themselves or their families. They can either migrate illegally to the United States or they can choose the get rich quick, life is short, essentially meaningless path of working for the cartels."

"They don't think they're going to live long anyway, so they're willing to use extreme, cruel violence to move up in the world."

The death toll in the Mexican drug war officially surpassed 23,000 recently. However, the real number is likely higher as many bodies disappear, often dissolved in vats of acid in a practice known as making "Mexican stew."

Despite the violence Mexican society has somehow managed to stagger along while, Giordano believes, "Events like these would splat the psychology of many North Americans like melons off the back of a truck."

The US got a small taste of the trauma in March when three Americans linked to the consulate in Ciudad Juárez were murdered as they left a children's birthday party. It is no secret that it often takes an American death for the US to notice bloodshed abroad and President Obama was indeed "Deeply saddened and outraged."

But no mention was made of the fact that the victims were cut down with weapons likely purchased in the United

States. Mexico has some of the strictest gun control legislation in the world, making it almost impossible to buy a gun legally.

However, just across the border are the American states with the softest gun laws in the country.

The Mexican government seized more than 20,000 weapons from drug gangs in 2008 alone. According to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives, 90 percent of guns seized in Mexico and traced over the last five years came from the US.

Most are purchased from gun shows in Texas and Arizona where private dealers can legally sell military-style weapons without running a criminal background check or recording the buyer's name.

This unfettered individualism means assault rifles, armor-piercing handguns and .50 caliber sniper rifles are all easily obtained from the US civilian gun market.

"Our laws allow us to carry guns around and that's our sovereign decision. But we have a responsibility to ensure that these weapons don't harm other countries," argues Bagley.

He believes that the gun lobby helps Americans absolve themselves, "The American public doesn't think about it. The NRA has done everything they can to dilute any sense of American responsibility."

We need to ask ourselves how we reached this point of zero empathy for those hurt by our way of life. Andrew McCann puts the issue this way:

"The idea of a population, caught on one side of a border, banished from 'society' and thus subject to a lethal violence exercised with apparent impunity, raises one of the most pressing questions: Under what circumstances, and through what structures of victimization and neglect, does a population become disposable – or killable?"

The war on drugs is undeniably lost and many people – including the former presidents of Mexico, Colombia and Brazil – argue that the key to ending the violence is to legalize narcotics in order to cut the cartels' profits and remove the incentive for violence.

But we cannot deny our own culpability in the disaster down south. There is nothing radical about indulging in a substance that directly kills impoverished people in the developing world. We need a cultural revolution to reevaluate our priorities and break the cycle of decadence and death.

Blake Sifton





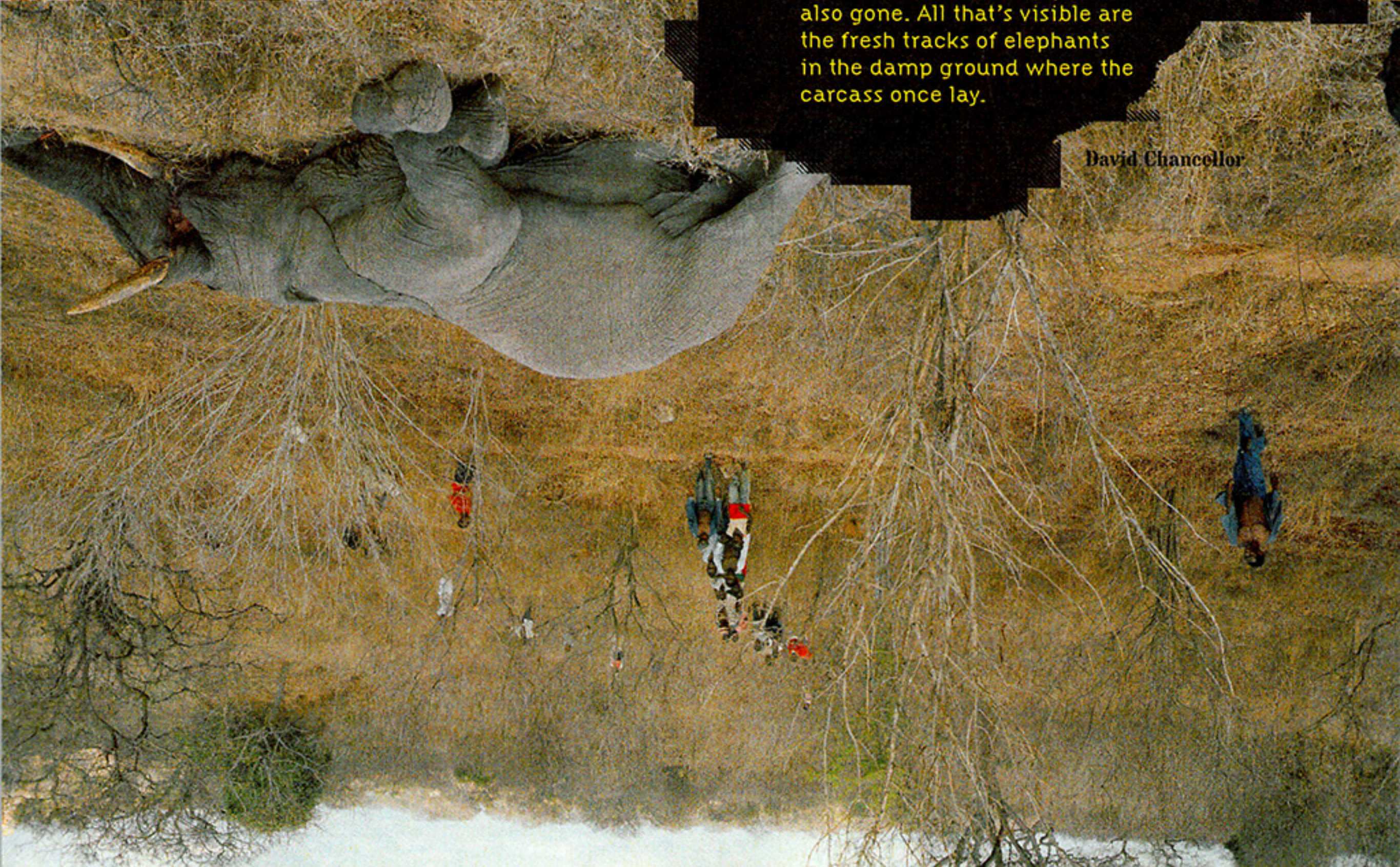
Tommaso Ausili/Contrasto



Location: Chitsa
'Campfire' area, adja-
cent to The Gonarezhou
National Park, Zimbabwe

Local villagers fall upon the
body of a dead elephant
reducing the huge carcass to
bones in under two hours with
their bare hands and knives
fashioned from old tin. And
24 hours later the bones have
also gone. All that's visible
are the fresh tracks of elephants
in the damp ground where the
carcass once lay.

David Chancellor



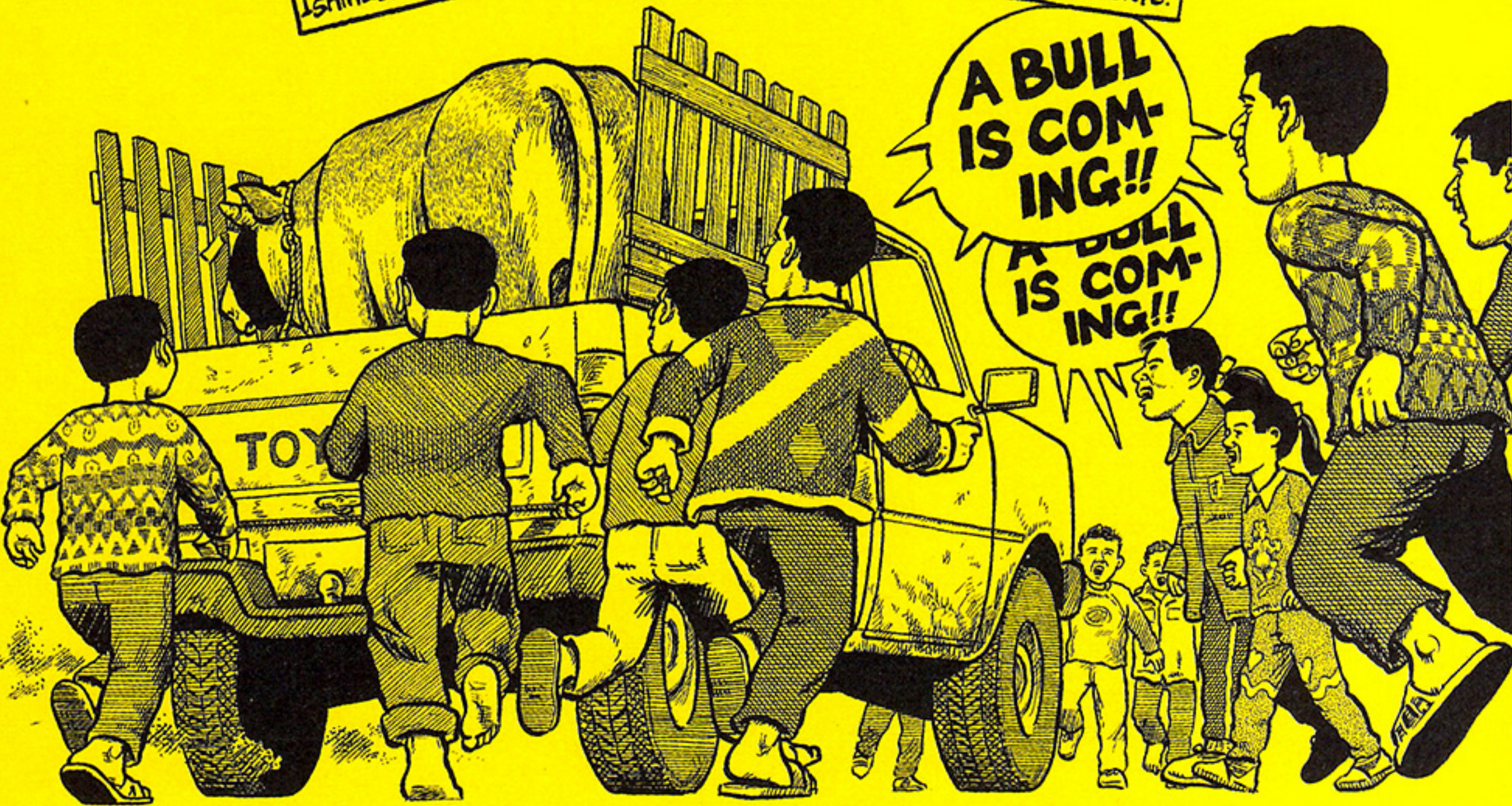
We've suspended our re-search for a few days.

No one wants to sit down for an interview about '56 during Eid El-Adha, the feast which commemorates Abraham's readiness to sacrifice his son Ishmael to Allah.

FEAST

Over the last week goats and rams have been coaxed and pulled down the streets of Khan Younis in a lonely, sad trickle.

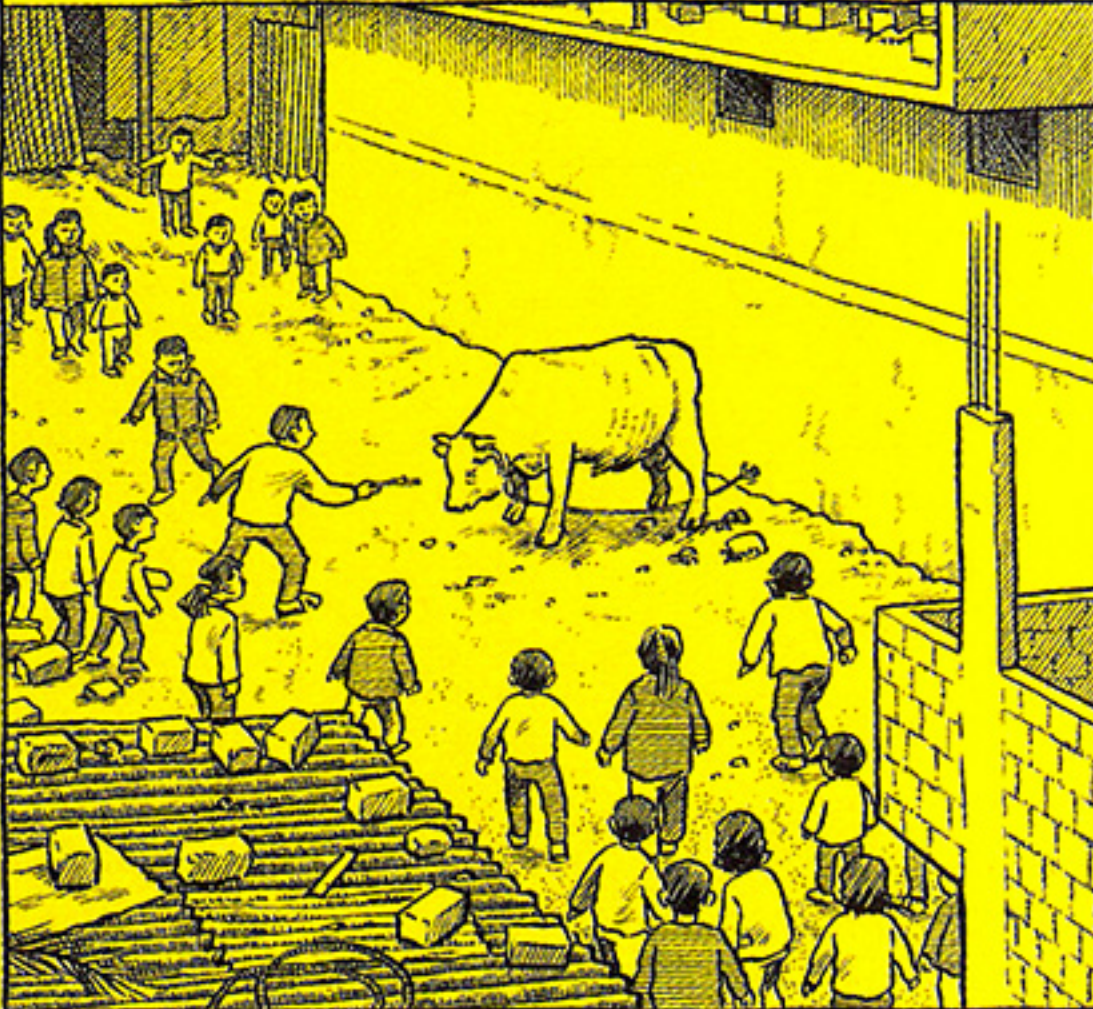
But this is the eve of the feast, and now the bulls are arriving.



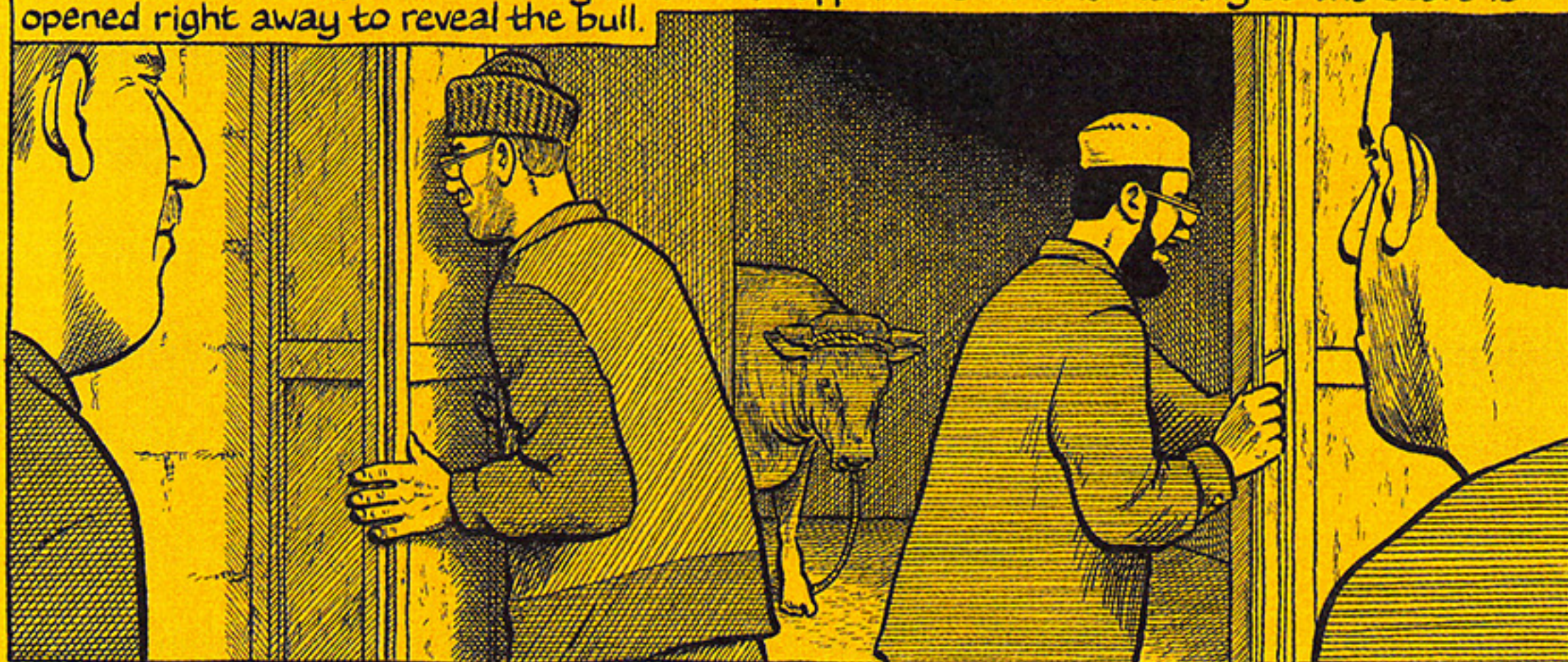
The animals are made to jump out of vehicles and are driven into empty stores, where they'll spend their final night in solitude...



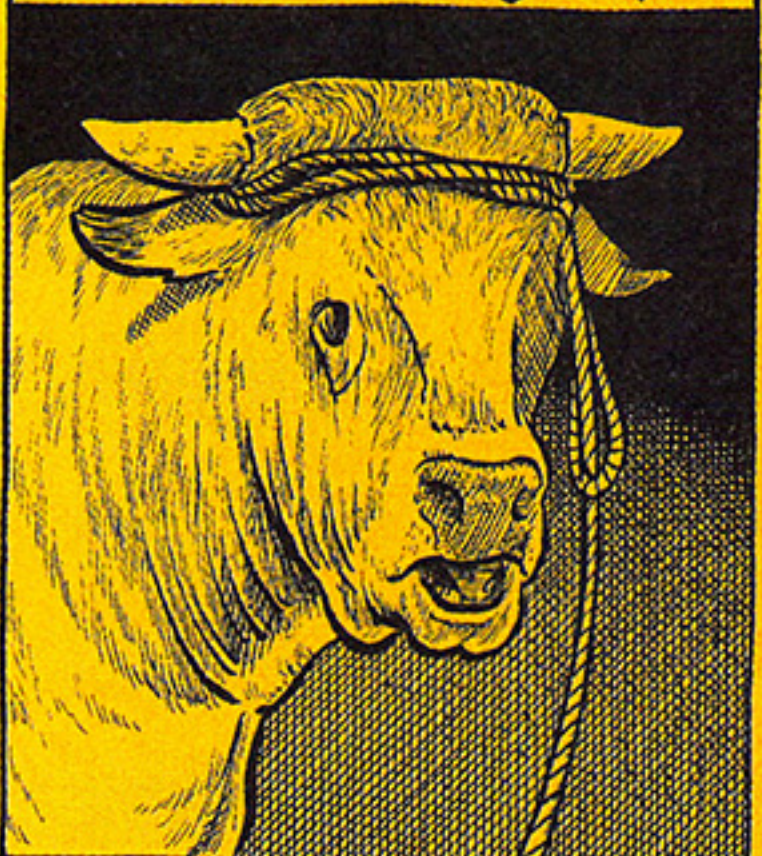
or taken to back lots where they'll have the company of delighted children.



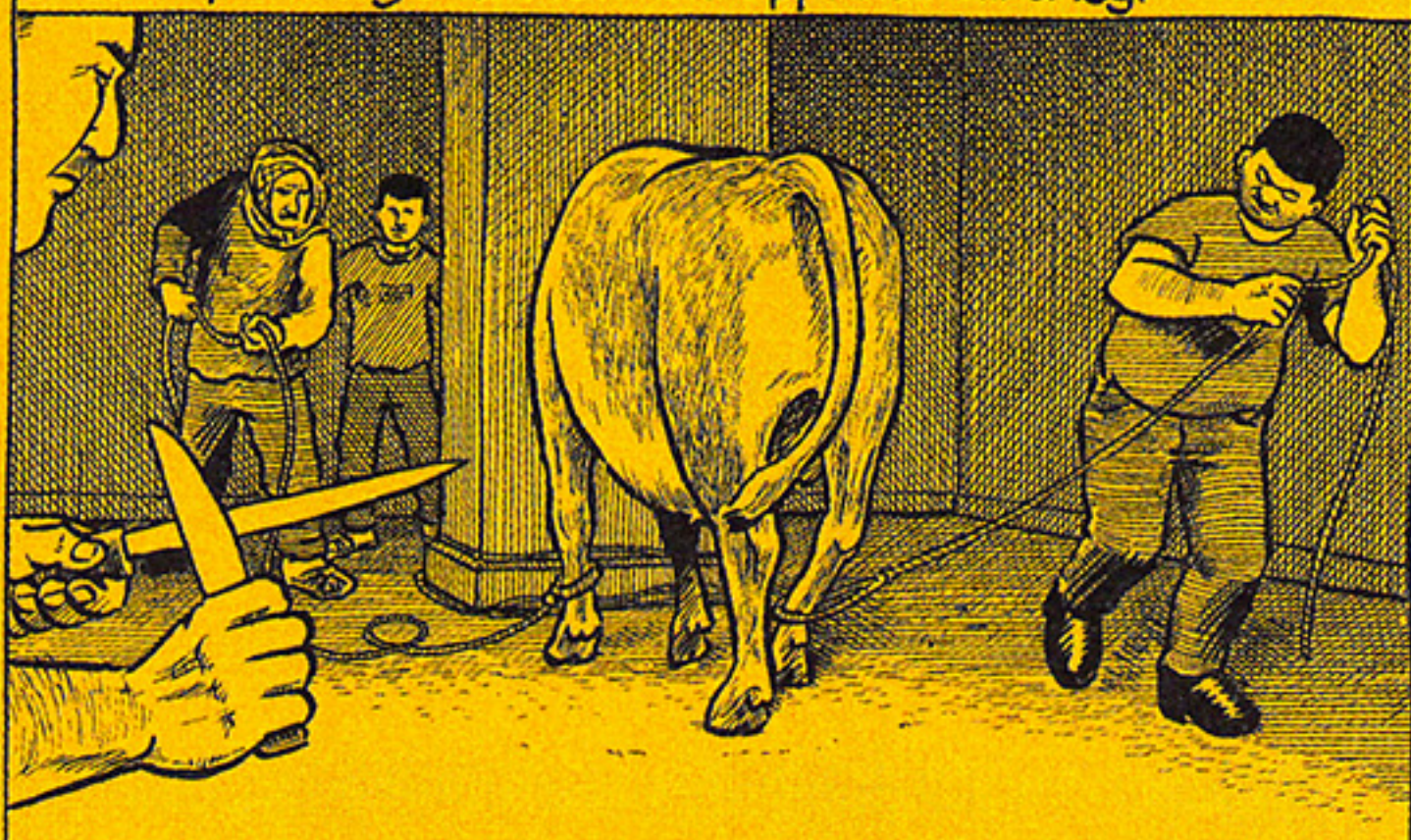
The butcher is with his son. They have other appointments this morning so the store is opened right away to reveal the bull.



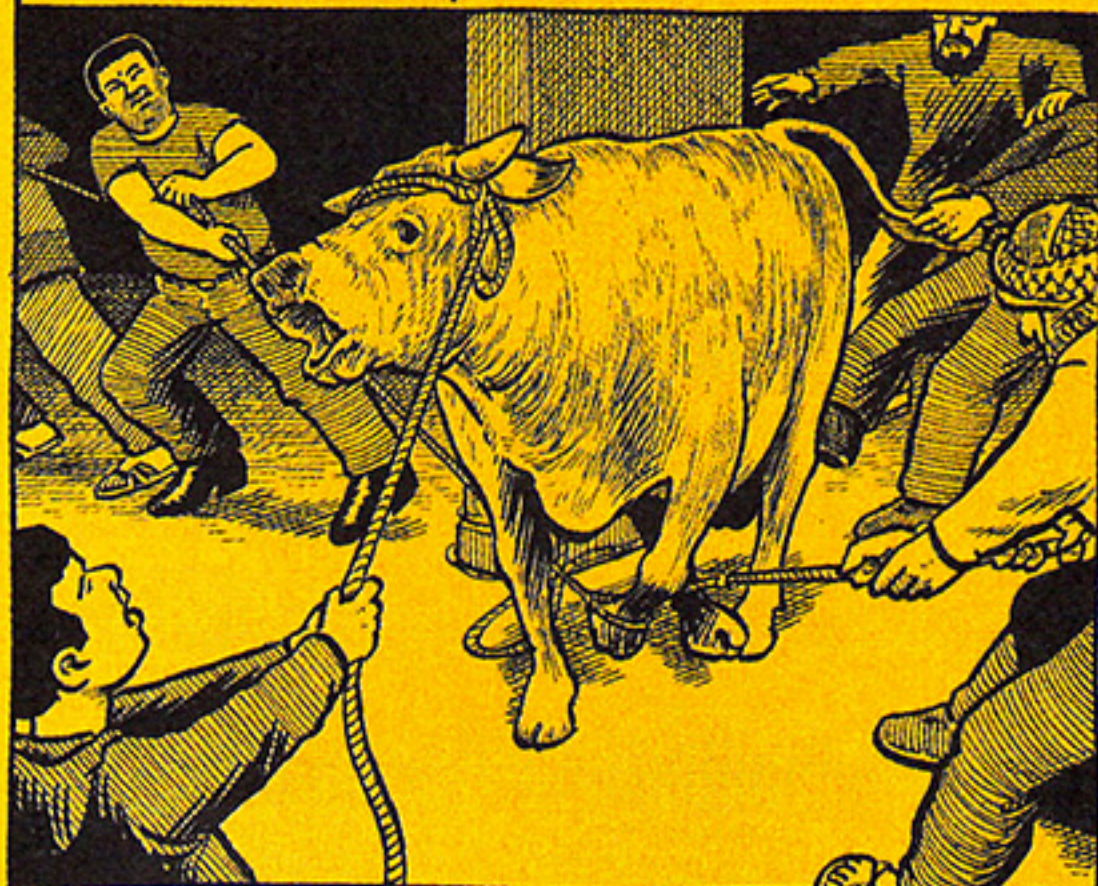
This is nothing personal, but the bull knows something is up.



The butcher sharpens his knives while his son expertly lassoes a front leg and then the opposite hind leg.



Now everyone gets in on the act. The ropes are crossed and pulled...



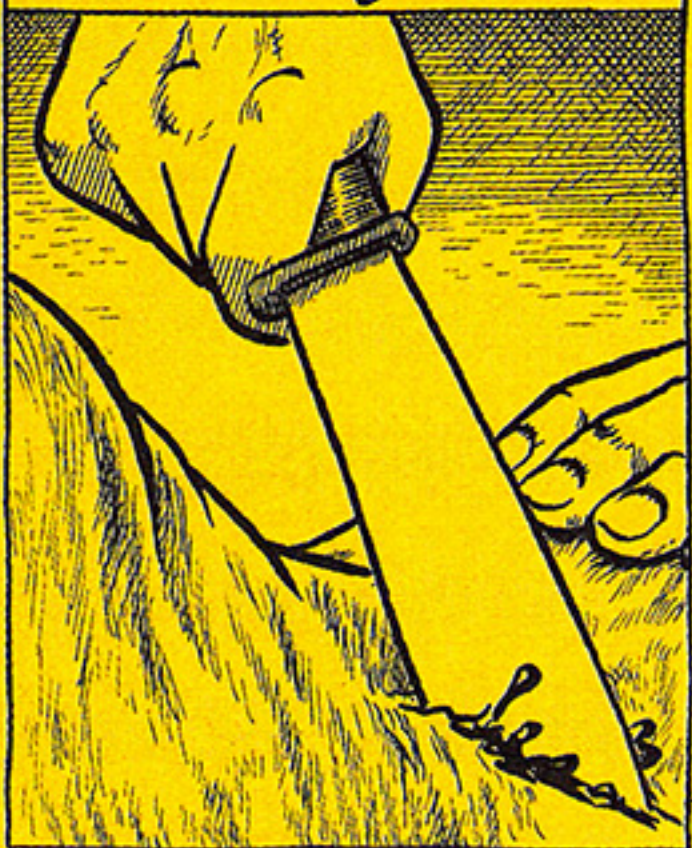
and the bull goes down.



When the butcher is satisfied that the animal cannot right itself, he steps forward.



He strikes three times before he breaks through the hide.



The son takes the father's place.



He has a small knife, but he drives it in so deep that his fists disappear into the bull's throat.



As he hacks, the butcher works to extend the cuts to the sides.



The bull has stopped kicking.



The other men join in, cutting through the neck and twisting off the head.



Cinder blocks are brought in to support the carcass which is flayed...



while the legs are cut off at the knee joints.





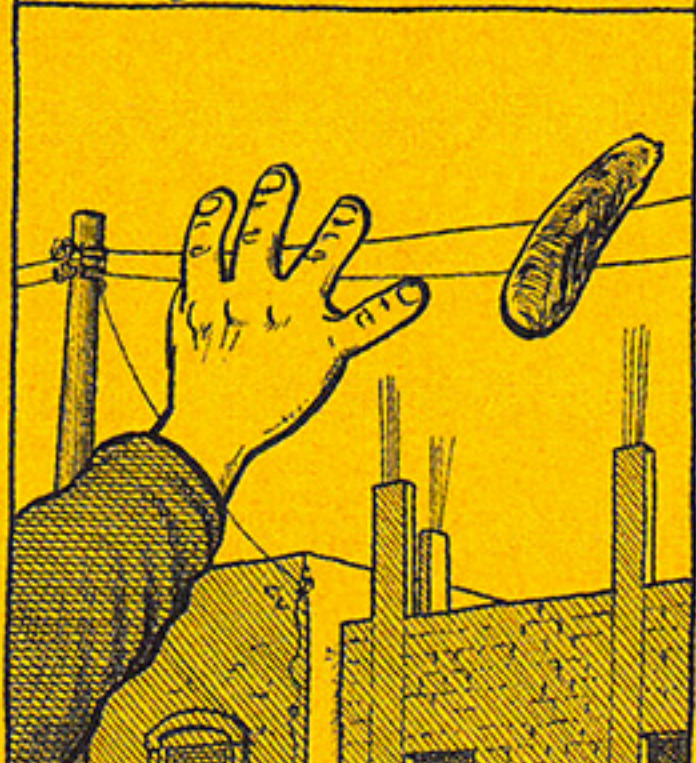
The bull is split open and the organs are removed.



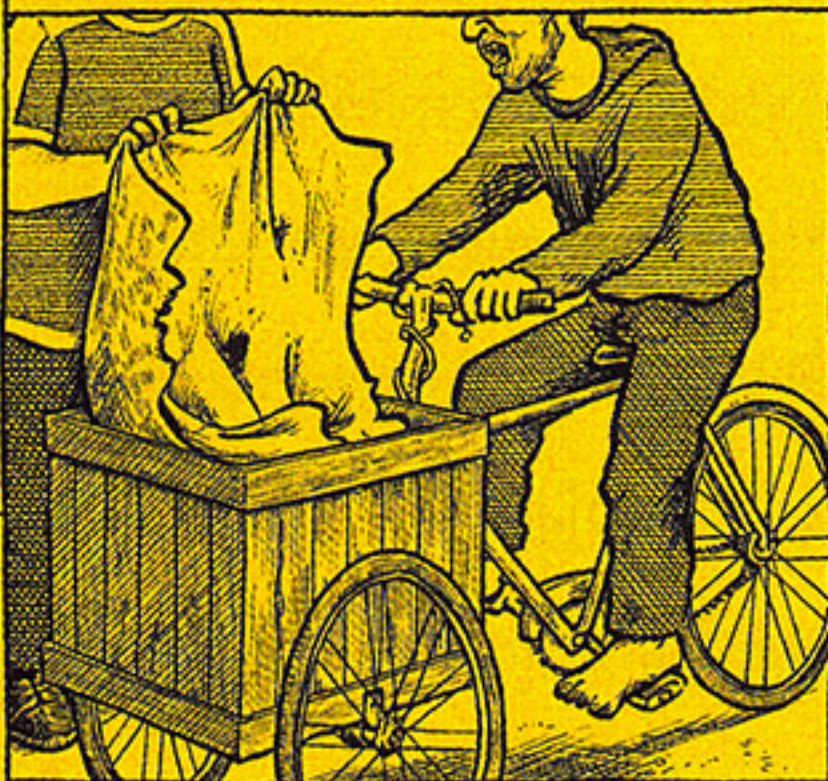
The stomach and intestines are dumped on the sidewalk.



The toxic spleen is handed gingerly to a boy who throws it like a grenade into the street.



The hide is given to a poor spastic man who has asked for it. He might fetch 50 shekels (\$10) from a dealer.



The bull has been quartered, and the butcher prepares to go.



Grumpily, he cuts away a while longer before leaving for his next \$50 appointment.



The pieces of the animal are taken a couple of doors down to be hung up and washed.



The men begin slicing off chunks and dropping them into buckets.



It's time for a smoking break at a nearby shop where Mahmoud is earning a little money making kebabs for neighbors who bring meat from the animals they've just slaughtered.



Abed is staring absently at a poster depicting a couple of martyrs.



WHO?



THE ONE ON THE LEFT.

AMMAR.

I ONLY LEARNED ABOUT IT AN HOUR AGO.

HOW COME YOU DIDN'T KNOW?



I'VE BEEN WORKING IN GAZA CITY. I'M THERE MOST OF THE TIME.

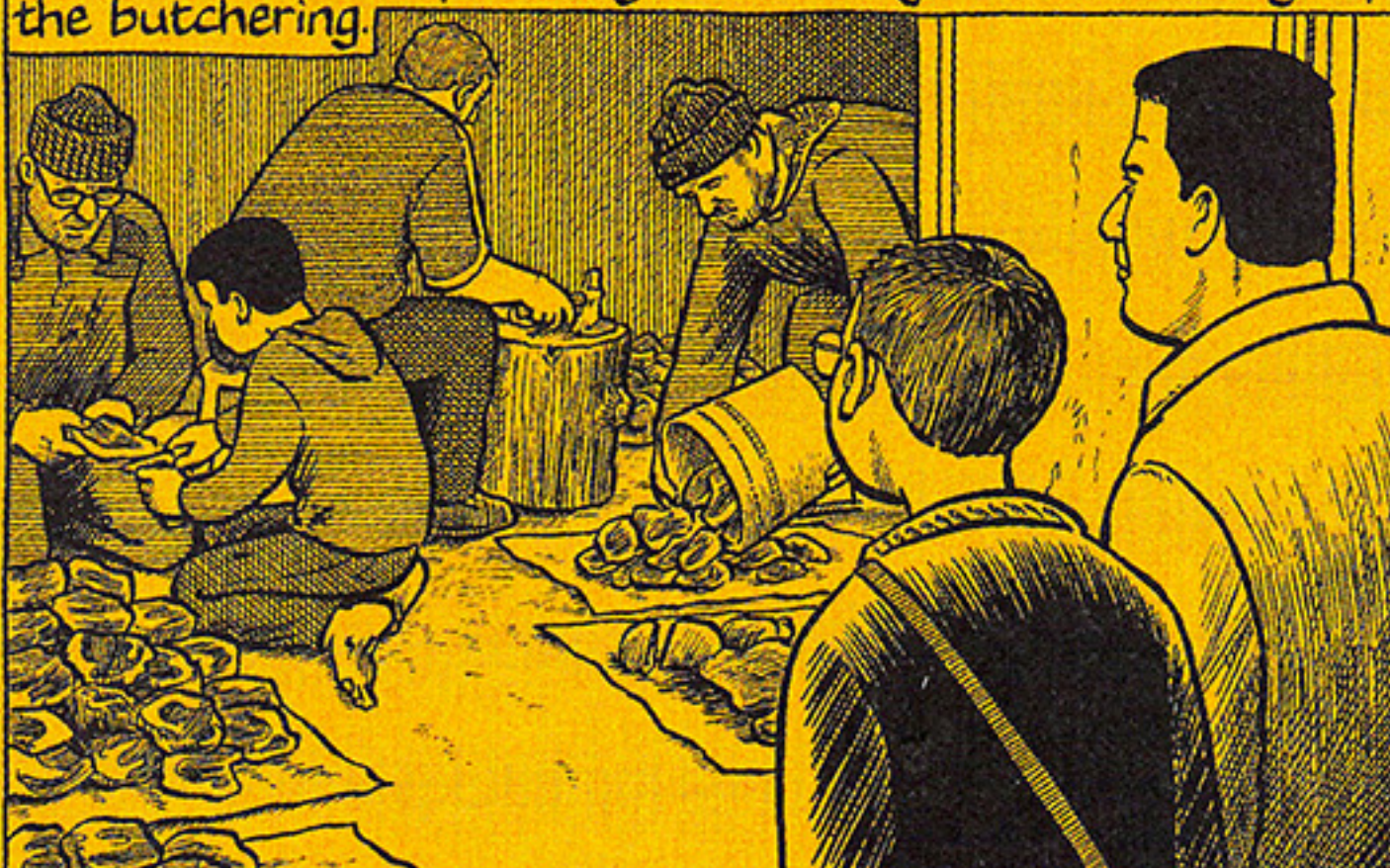


His pal had been resisting a recent Israeli incursion.

HE WAS WOUNDED AND DIED LATER.

AMMAR.

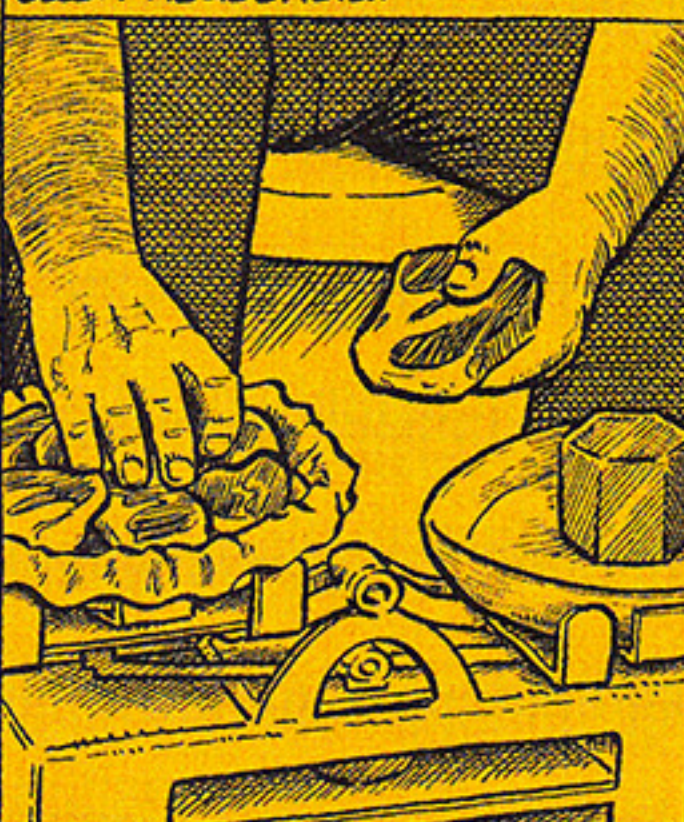
We finish our Cleopatra cigarettes and join the final stage of the butchering.



The meat has been separated into piles representing the different parts of the animal and is cut up into even smaller bits.



The pieces are divided into seven equal portions, one for each household.



With all the family heads assembled, the portions are distributed by lot.



Memories of the Nakba

by Bridget Chappell

Clutching a rumpled package wrapped in a shopping bag, Ali Basyuni carefully peels back the layers of plastic and paper to reveal a heavy scroll of faded documents – the deeds to his family home in Yazur, a small village that once lay five kilometers east of Jaffa, Israel. The deeds date back over 120 years, through the Ottoman era and the British Mandate, but the Basyuni family's history in the village can be traced back even further. The family had lived on the land for centuries. Somewhat ruefully, Ali sifts through the papers to find the crowning glory: the ancient key to his home in Yazur. He places it around his neck. Since the implementation of Israel's Absentee Property Law of 1950, a law that legalized the annexation of over two million dunums of land belonging to Palestinians who fled during *al-nakba* (the catastrophe), the artifacts of Ali's childhood home have become mere emblems of a promise: the Palestinian right of return.

This year marks the 62nd year since Israel claimed its independence from the British Mandate and then proceeded to drive out Palestinians from over 550 villages, giving violent birth to a refugee population of 900,000 exiles. As the refugee question fades from public focus, May 15, Nakba Day, affords the world a day of reflection on the horrors of an all-too-recent past and a reminder that for many, the international law laid out in UN Resolution 194 of 1948 (on which the Palestinian refugees' Right of Return is based) embodies far more than political rhetoric. It is an international law proclaiming their legal right to return home.

The United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) has registered 1,685,810 Palestinian refugees within Israel and the Occupied Territories – 699,810 in the West Bank including East Jerusalem and 986,000 in the Gaza Strip. The Oslo accords and the creation of the Palestinian Authority in 1994 marked a turning point in the struggle as Palestine embraced the possibility of becoming a self-governing state. This new

potential for statehood, however, shifted the focus of the political discourse away from several formerly fundamental points – including the status of refugees. With no political body to represent the refugee population or address their basic rights of repatriation or resettlement, their struggle has become little more than symbolism.

In Balata Refugee Camp in Nablus (occupied West Bank), Palestinian hopes are still pinned on a doubtful future. Time is plentiful in the camp. So plentiful it may weigh heavy on one's soul. There is time enough to reopen one's box of memories, time and time again. Memories of a life in limbo, examined from every angle, stories retold and rehashed for anyone who cares enough to ask. Tonight four refugees have gathered in the camp's community center; their stories spill out across the table. Their words carry them across decades, across fields of olive green, riotous splashes of Med-blue and citrus orange. The four storytellers, whose ages span from 11 to 73, represent the full era of Israeli occupation to date, from first to fourth generations. Assembled here, they knit together a single image of the Palestinian condition.

At 70 years of age, Ali has the dubious honor of recalling the full 62 years of the Israeli occupation of Palestine. Ali has lived most of his life in the Ein Beit el Ma refugee camp in Nablus, but he never passes up an opportunity to revisit his childhood memories of Yazur village, from which he and his family fled in 1948 during *al-nakba* when he was a young boy.

The entire process, from butchering the bull to allotting the meat, has taken four hours.



But there's more. Each household must now further divide its portion: a third is for the family; a third is passed out to close relatives and friends; and a third goes to the poor.



Abed's mother hands plastic bags full of meat to one of her sons and mentions the name of an old woman.



An hour later, Abed and I are eating our first meal from the bull.

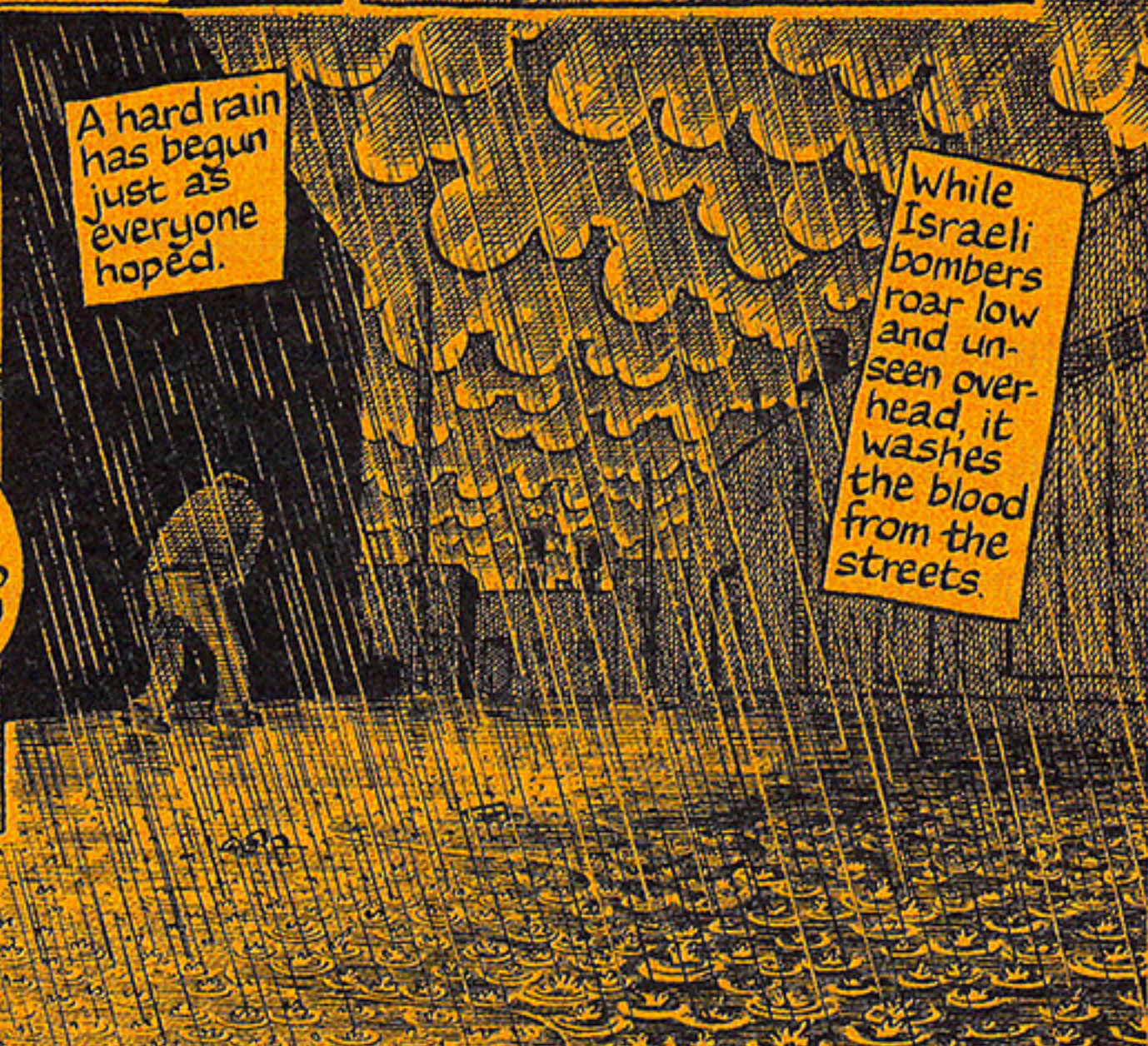


The next day Abed jokes that I ought to interview bulls about their massacre.



A hard rain has begun just as everyone hoped.

While Israeli bombers roar low and unseen overhead, it washes the blood from the streets.



“We were simple people, farmers,” Ali recalls. “Everyone knew each other in the village, and we worked together as one. My family’s home was two kilometers from the sea, and there on our land we grew oranges, apples, vegetables – everything that we needed.”

It was after the Balfour Declaration of 1917, the British government's first formal policy announcement of support for the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine, that Jews first came to the area of Yazur. "There was a Jewish village established five kilometers from ours," says Ali. "In the beginning we lived in harmony; we would even drink tea together and share our food with them."

"I remember how things changed after the war, when the Jews began coming to the village at night with British soldiers in 1946," says Ali. "They came with guns and invaded our homes – like terrorists. My family lived in Yazur from before the Ottoman Empire. We lived under the Turks, the British, only to flee when the Israelis came."

The villagers stayed their ground through years of escalating violent attacks until 1948. On April 29 that year, Jewish and British forces shot and killed two men from the village. Another four were killed the next night. The villagers began fleeing Yazur two days later, believing they would return home after one week when the violence had been quelled.

"We fled to Lydda [a city south-east of Yazur, renamed Lod] on May 1," recalls Ali. "Many of us slept in the mosque there, while other families slept in the street. After a month the Jewish militias attacked Lydda with British forces, and my father was arrested by British soldiers. He was held for nine months. My mother, brothers, sisters and I fled to al-Ramle [now known as Ramla], but after only a week we heard the soldiers were coming there too and we fled to Deir Ghassana, a little village near Ramallah. It took three days to reach Deir Ghassana by foot, sleeping in the olive groves at night."

It was not until 1952 – four years later – that Ali's family reached Nablus, where they first settled on the slopes of Mount Gerizim, living among the trees and making the daily two-kilometer hike to the nearest well for water. They were soon found by United Nations employees and brought to Refugee Camp No. 1 (later called Ein Beit el Ma Camp, or "Spring of the House of Water"). Located on the outskirts of Nablus, this camp was founded on a tiny portion of land – just one twentieth of one square kilometer – leased to UNRWA by the

Jordanian government in 1950. The living conditions were extremely harsh. Seven people crowded into one tent that failed to protect them from the torrential rains of the winter and soaring temperatures of the summer. The lack of food made the struggle to survive even more pronounced. UNRWA did not begin issuing food to the refugees of Ein Beit el-Ma until some six months after Ali's arrival.

Before the days of the First Intifada (or "shaking off"), Ali was able to return to the remains of his village hundreds of times, simply to visit the land he still holds claim to and to reflect on what might have been. "My home is still standing," he says. "The first time I went back there, I knocked on the door of my house. A man opened the door, and asked me what I wanted. I told him that the land he is living on belongs to me. He told me that he left his land in Europe to come here – and now he owns the land."

"The truth is that even if Israel returned every dunum of land to me I could not be happy – they've taken not only my land, but my life."

Zugdiye Ahmad Soleman Ekhdish is a stately woman who has witnessed and weathered much in her 73 years in Palestine. Her words weave worlds of the past: her childhood in Ijzim village, 19 kilometers south of Haifa, where her family grew olive trees, pomegranates and chickpeas. Zugdiye was 11 years old when the Jewish militias of the Golani, Carmeli and Alexandroni brigades came to her village on the night of July 24, 1948, forcing the residents out of their homes at gunpoint and onto buses that would transfer Ijzim's entire population to Jenin.

"We left with nothing," says Zugdiye, recalling the night that the ethnic cleansing of Ijzim took place. "My mother, father, four brothers and sisters and I, we left with only the clothes on our back. My family stayed in Jenin for two months, although many people from Ijzim fled further: to Iraq, Jordan or Syria. When I was married in 1960 my husband and I came to live here, in Balata Refugee Camp. We came because we thought registering as refugees and living in a camp might give us a better life. All we wanted was to return to our village, and we thought that UNRWA would be able to help us do that."

From the very beginning, Palestinian refugees have held a unique status. In 1948 the United Nations established a body, UNRWA, specifically to address the Palestinian refugee crisis. A 1951 UNRWA report shows that from the start, the goal for displaced Palestinian refugees was resettlement or repatriation since "sustained relief operations inevitably contain the germ of human deterioration." However, the political situation complicated this goal. Caught between an uncooperative Jordanian government and Israel's priority of mass absorption of new Jewish citizens from Europe and the Middle East, the refugees' status was deadlocked. Denied resettlement or repatriation, exiled Palestinians were left in camps intended for short term relief, unable to move forward with their lives.

In 1975 Zugdiye made the journey from the West Bank to Israel to visit what remained of her village. "I fell to the ground and prayed on the land," she says. "I picked pomegranates from the trees, and took a stone to bring back with me to the camp. I saw my house still standing. Jews live there now."

Conditions in the cramped houses and narrow alleys of Balata camp, coupled with the extreme violence inflicted upon the camp during the Intifadas, signify Zugdiye's life, a life lived far from the fresh air and olive fields of Ijzim. During a 1992 invasion, the elderly woman was hit in the stomach by a rubber-coated steel bullet; she has seen both her sons imprisoned in Israel's jails, the elder, Khaldi, being sentenced to 20 years.

Lana Ali Salih, 11, and her sister Duho, 14, represent Palestine's fourth generation of UNRWA refugees: those who not only do not remember the Nakba, but have never seen their family's home or life outside of the camps. "We live in Balata refugee camp in Nablus, but we are originally from Salama, a village near Jaffa," says Lana. Salama was ethnically cleansed of its 8,000-strong population on April 25, 1948. Ten of Salama's original homes and one mosque remain standing today, surrounded by what is modern-day Tel Aviv.

The two girls recall the days of camp life during the Al-Aqsa Intifada, of days and weeks spent inside their home during times of violence in the camp. Lana and Duho's uncle, Hani Rami, was killed by Israeli soldiers in 2008. "We don't know why they killed him. He was praying in his home [in the camp]," says Duho. "He was 24 years old."

The young sisters' proud assertion of refugee status highlights the inherited stalemate mentality of a Palestinian refugee. However unconscious the assumption of refugee identity may be, it delineates a clear line for those who hold it, bound to a past that, like all pasts, is unattainable in essence. But how is the refugee's struggle kept alive when they identify themselves not with the exiled nation – Palestine – but as refugees?

"I believe that we will return to Salama someday," says Lana. Zugdiye nods her head approvingly. "We're not happy here," she says matter-of-factly. "I would be happy to live in Ijzim in a tent, as long as I was on my land. The world must have a solution for the refugee problem. This is our land, it belongs to us."

Bridget Chappell has been working with the International Solidarity Movement in the West Bank since August 2009. She is 22 years old and is from Australia on paper and Palestine at heart.

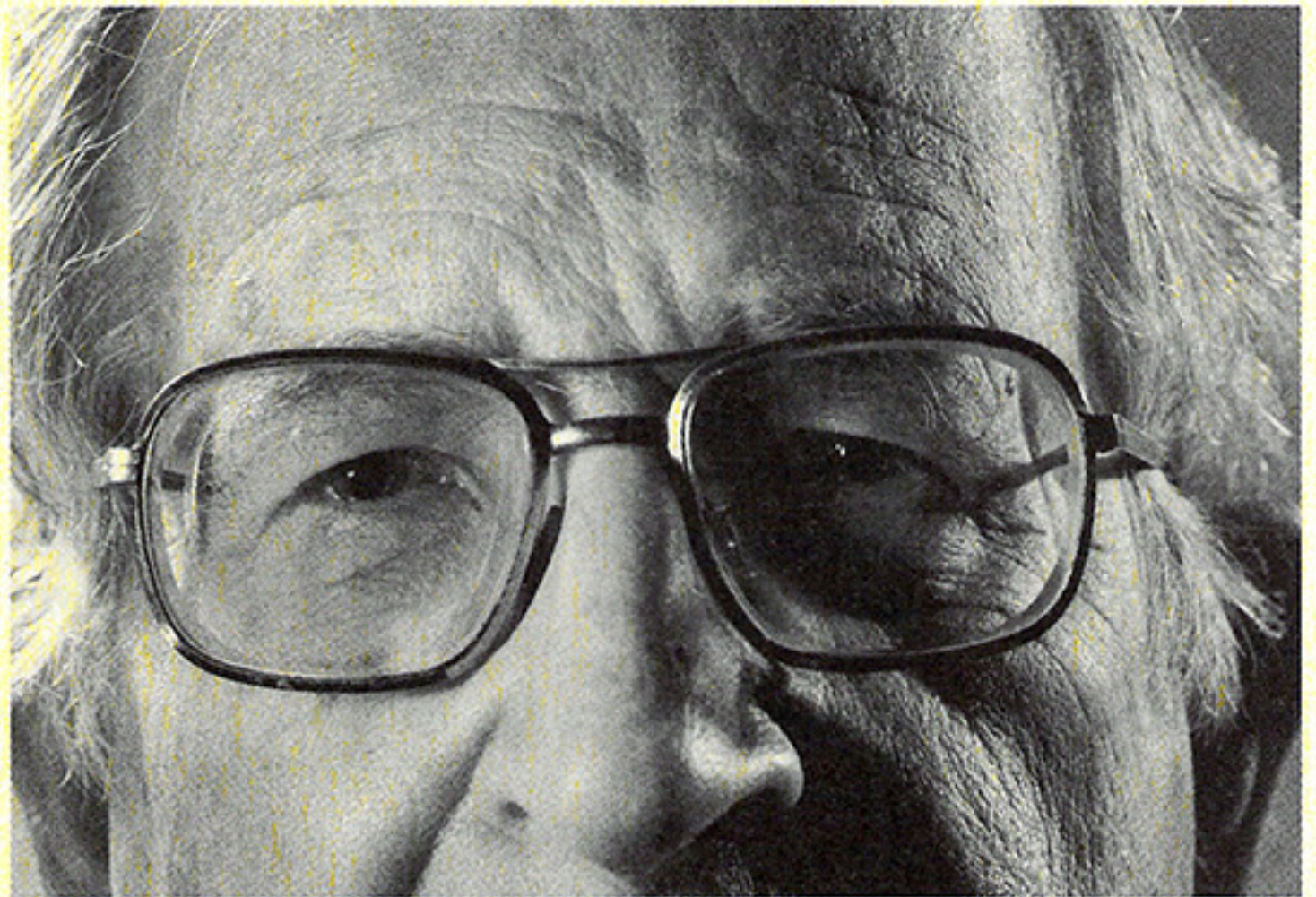
TACTICAL BRIEFING

There are many analogies drawn between Israel and South Africa, with varying credibility. But one that's interesting is the history. Fifty years ago white South Africans came to realize that they were becoming a pariah nation and that they were going to be isolated. The South African Foreign Minister informed the American Ambassador that, Yes, we're becoming a pariah state. There's overwhelming votes against us in the United Nations, he said, but that doesn't really matter because there's only one real vote that counts: namely yours. As long as you back us, it doesn't matter what the rest of the world thinks.

And South Africa moved in a direction very similar to where Israel is going now. There's really only one vote that matters – that of the US. As long as you back us, we're okay. We'll defy the world. And meanwhile we'll launch information campaigns to show that everything we do is right and just. We understand that the world hates us, but that's the world's fault. We'll circle the wagons and just become more nationalistic and extreme, as long as we have your vote. That worked right through the 1980s for South African nationalism. Ronald Reagan strongly supported the South African apartheid regime. He had to violate congressional sanctions to do it and he supported them in extreme brutality. They were killing hundreds, thousands of people in neighboring countries. It was strikingly similar to what's happening today with the War on Terror.

The Reagan government position was that the African National Congress and Nelson Mandela were, "One of the more notorious terrorist groups in the world," and the US had to support white South Africa against terror. That was 1988 and the apartheid regime looked as if it was invincible. And yet, a year or two later, US policy suddenly shifted, and within a couple of years the apartheid regime was gone. That could happen with Israel. They're skating on pretty thin ice.

Noam Chomsky, interviewed by John Malkin



I am a globalist. I believe fully in the promise of globalization. We are fast approaching a world without borders, without boundaries, and the ethno-nationalist conception of nationhood that was so much a part of the 20th century way of thinking, especially when it came to the establishment of the state of Israel, is no longer feasible in the 21st. A two-state solution is anachronistic. The rest of the world is starting to look like the EU, so why are we trying to create something that would be anathema to that in Israel-Palestine?

Reza Aslan, from an interview in *Religion Dispatches Magazine*



The Shadow is not the Palestinians. The Shadow is Israel's treatment of the Palestinians, linked with Israeli's own fears. The worse the Palestinians are treated in the name of those fears, the bigger the Shadow grows, and then the fears grow with them; and the justifications for the treatment multiply.

Margaret Atwood, *The Shadow Over Israel, Haaretz*

The following letter is not satire. Endorsed by the most influential pro-Israel lobby in Washington, it was signed by 338 members of Congress (78% of the House) and sent to President Obama on June 29, 2010.

The power of AIPAC (The American Israel Public Affairs Committee) to punish politicians who do not unconditionally

support Israel is well known and many congressmen who signed this letter may have done so out of fear of losing their seat in the next election rather than out of genuine support.

With the midterm elections approaching, President Obama will have to carefully consider the political consequences of deviating from AIPAC's script.



Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20513-4302

The President
The White House
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. President:

We are writing to express our strong support for Israel's right to defend itself. We believe that it is in our national security interest to unequivocally reiterate that the United States stands behind our longtime friend and ally. Further, we urge you to remain steadfast in the defense of Israel in the face of the international community's rush to unfairly judge and condemn Israel in international fora such as the United Nations Security Council. We urge you to continue to use U.S. influence and, if necessary, veto power to prevent any biased or one-sided resolutions from passing.

On May 31, after repeated warnings, Israeli forces intercepted a flotilla attempting to break through its naval blockade of Gaza. The blockade of Gaza was instituted to stop terrorists from smuggling weapons into Gaza to murder innocent civilians. Since Israel's disengagement from Gaza in 2005, Hamas has fired more than 10,000 rockets and mortars at Israel's civilian population. Acknowledging the seriousness of the problem, Egypt also initiated its own blockade of Gaza along the Rafah crossing in 2007.

Over the course of its blockade, Israeli forces have diverted nine such flotillas, all without incident. The same was true for five of the six ships in this flotilla. They were commandeered peacefully and directed to the Israeli port of Ashdod. However, those aboard the largest ship, the Mavi Marmara, violently resisted. As dramatic video depicts, the passengers on the ship attacked Israeli soldiers with clubs, metal rods, and iron bars as they attempted to board the ship. The soldiers were brutally beaten and one was even thrown off the top deck. With their lives threatened, Israeli forces used necessary force as an act of self-defense and of last resort.

The several dozen who attacked the Israeli soldiers were not peaceful aid workers, but extremists who sought to aid the Iran-backed terrorist Hamas regime in Gaza. Days before, as broadcast on al-Jazeera, they proclaimed their willingness to be martyrs for the destruction of Israel, revealing a sinister element of premeditated violence. Furthermore, as confirmed by the State Department and intelligence agencies around the world, the Turkish aid group that sent out the flotilla, Insani Yardim Vakfi (IHH), has met with senior officials of recognized terrorist groups over the last three years.

If the flotilla had been truly intent on bringing aid to Gaza, it could have done that. Israeli officials repeatedly offered their ports to harbor the ships and disperse the aid so that it would not go into the hands of corrupt Hamas officials but directly to the people living in Gaza. But the flotilla refused these overtures, instead revealing their intent to break the blockade and sail unchecked into Gaza. As you know, Hamas even refused the aid that was aboard the Mavi Marmara after it was inspected by Israeli officials.

The U.S. should make every effort to thwart international condemnation and focus the international community on the crimes of the Iran-backed Hamas leadership against Israel and the Palestinian people. As Israel faces increased threats, most recently from the Iranian Revolutionary Guard Corps, which announced that it could provide a naval escort to any additional aid ships wishing to reach Gaza, the United States must continue to stand by Israel, one of our strongest allies.

We look forward to working with you on these vital issues affecting the U.S.-Israel relationship.

— Signed by 338 members of the United States Congress



CAPITALISM SUCKS,
BUT IT'S THE ONLY
GAME IN TOWN.

**II.
IS AN
OPPOSITI-
TIONAL
CULTURE
STILL POSSIBLE
?**

Manifestos are written during the night with a couple of friends at fever pitch and half way to the moon with mosque lamps for eyes. They're not written on the street but in private apartments, hotel rooms and restaurants. And they're not written by the masses; they're written by little gangs who congregated to thrash out their revolutionary ideas across worn Persian carpets. These little gangs are fueled by endless mugs of coffee; they carry the discussion to the farthest limits of logic; and they end up with a little pile of paper on which is scrawled an insane agreement.

Throughout the history of the Manifesto each little gang of writers has stood alone, stood out and stood up for something, like lighthouses or (as the Futurists said) like advance guards. You write Manifestos alone with imaginary allies in exotic locations; you write Manifestos alone but in a style of writing that calls others forth; you write Manifestos alone but always with others in mind, always with the hope that when the Manifesto is published it will be met with recognition: A public! A community! A movement!

Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels wrote the Communist Manifesto together in different cities. Marx was in Brussels in the winter while Engels was in the library in Manchester. They wrote it for the Communist League and they wrote it for the proletariat of the world, but they wrote it alone, apart from one another, in a quiet corner of the library and at Marx's private desk in exile.

Filippo Tommaso Marinetti wrote the Futurist Manifesto in a parked car on a road trip with a few literary young guns. They talked as they drove and they egged each other on. Driving away from home but never leaving the car, peering at the world rushing by and pointing at its strangeness through tiny windows.

Tristan Tzara wrote the Dada Manifestos in exile at the Cabaret Voltaire when the place was shut. With the radical ideas of his radical friends still ringing in his ears he wrote love letters to them that he would publish as proclamations of war on everybody else.

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin was across the road, another runaway who wrote his way back into the thick of things. Lenin took himself to the Zurich library to change the world. He didn't do half-measures, so his Manifesto turned into an entire philosophy of history.

Andre Bréton turned his back on everyone to write on behalf of their secret selves. Knowing that he was just the same as all his enemies he would use anything he could to write like a lunatic or a novice, like anyone but the white bourgeois poet that he was. His Manifestos were written as death warrants to men like himself in the hope that others — real others — would take over.

Manifestos are written in silence, retreating from an exhausted world and its moribund palaces. And then, all of a sudden, the hungry ears of the Manifesto writers are pricked by something going on just the other side of the closed windows.

"Listen!" says the Manifesto writer, "That is the sound of a new world!" The Manifesto writer speaks to the Manifesto gang, but the words carry beyond them into the world — really into the world, like a knife or a drug.

"At last truth and the utopia can be glimpsed," says the Manifesto gang, now quoting the Manifesto to one another:

... any day now we expect to witness the birth of our new world and, soon, we'll see the first blossom of fire for the revolution! We must shake the gates of life to test the hinges and the locks! ... This is truly the first sun that dawns above the Earth! Nothing equals the splendor of our red words battling for the first time in the millennial gloom.

Manifestos need private rooms and silence in order for their noise to enter the public world and change it. But because of the very public and active effect that they desire, the Manifesto gang always see their private room as a coffin or a cave: remote, deathlike and constraining.

The Manifesto passes on the feeling that the Manifesto gang has of being hit by a world that changes them so much that they want to change the world and change themselves again on a daily basis. Events tear the Manifesto gang from themselves and sweep them away. Now they call for new events that will remake the world as a place for their new selves to inhabit. And from now on the Manifesto writers, the Manifesto gangs and the Manifesto readers will eagerly seek out delirious events to teach them to despise their old lives.

"Dissent," cries the Manifesto writer, "dissent surprises all wise chiefs!"

And the manifesto gang purr like young lions, not because they are regal or wild or fierce, but just because they are stronger together and feel that strength as a force running through them like adrenaline.

Manifestos therefore have no universal or abstract ideals high as the clouds, no cruel authorities to whom to offer their corpses, no precious materials twisted into Byzantine rings! Nothing to die for besides the desire to rid the world of its new enemies!

Manifestos crush the watchdogs on the thresholds of houses, leaving them flattened under tires like a collar under the iron. Manifestos cajole death; they precede us on every curve; Manifestos offer claws, paws and fists and, by turns, jaws that bite, swallow and speak.

Manifestos tell us to abandon wisdom like a hideous bomb site and hand ourselves over to the vast wind of history!

Manifestos tell us to volunteer ourselves to the unknown. And then they say, "Eat, not out of hunger, but simply to enrich the unplumbable wells of our shared fate!"

Manifestos are written alongside startling events that interrupt and redirect the flow of words. Events seize the Manifesto gangs suddenly, without sense and order, as if the world was drunk or was nothing but folly, as if the world was a pair of poodles tugging at their leads ... or two disapproving cyclists, reeling before us like two persuasive and yet contradictory arguments. Poodles and cyclists hate Manifestos: "What a bore!" they say, "Fuck that!" And so the Manifesto gangs dig holes in the cycle lanes and they train poodles to hunt — bang! — and we all end up in a ditch.

Motherly ditch! Half full of muddy water! Industrial mud, country ditch! Each mouthful of poisonous slime recalls a different antagonism from a damaged world!

When the Manifesto gangs and Manifesto haters climb out of the shiny, stinking ditch, only then will they feel the red-hot iron of joy deliciously pierce their hearts.

Crowds of activists and academics gather in excited terror around the wreckage. Patient and meddlesome, they pull survivors from the ditch one by one. Each tells stories from the deep only to leap back in the ditch when they are reminded of how the world treats its combatants. Publications of all kinds issue from the muddy battle, leaving early drafts behind in the ditch like scales, along with the heavy body of common sense and its padding of comfort.

Crowds often think the battle is finally dead, but it is brought back to life time and again, sometimes with a single slogan, a pamphlet or a full campaign — in other words, a shark's tooth. The fight resumes, revived, running full speed ahead. These are the conditions under which we publish our views: faces hidden by factory slime, wrestled by the dross of humanity, carrying crushed arms in makeshift slings, deafened by the complaints of prudent academics and distressed activists. Thus we dictated our demands to all the Manifesto readers left on Earth:

1. No more neutrality! No more special cases! No more culture of the gods! All art must take sides!

2. No more false universalism! No more minority culture for the masses! No more diluted art on the high street! Art for all means art by all! Art for all means art riddled with the same differences and divisions as the world can bear!

3. No more ambiguity! No more irony! No more pussy-footing-around! Artists, it is time to say something and stand by what you say!

4. Down with art's shopkeepers! Down with luxury trading! Down with giving the collectors what they want! The private sector is about freedom and diversity, not anxiety and uniformity. Sell, by all means, but for fuck's sake, sell SOMETHING!

5. Down with the art police! Down with the protectors of the common good! Down with the experts and officials who keep the art world shipshape! There are no experts on happiness! There are no experts on liberation! There are no experts on art!

6. There is no more beauty except in struggle. No aesthetics without aggression. No taste without power. Beauty is ideological! Beauty is no hiding place for art! Protest is more beautiful than the return to beauty in art. Art must strive to be as beautiful as emancipation, liberation and resistance!

7. We stand on the far promontory of centuries of struggle. If our task is to smash the impossible portals of mysterious privilege, it is only possible because of generations of vandals, philistines and dissenters before us! Look ahead! Plan ahead! Dream up utopias! But remember! You did not get here on your own! You cannot achieve what you want without help! We are in this together! We are the tail and the head!

8. We want to glorify struggle — the only motor of history — dissent, protest, sloganeering, events that change everything, words that act on the world, and the scorn of the dispossessed. Art is protest or it is worthless!

9. We want to demolish monuments: public sculpture. We fight against consensus, authority and all opportunistic and utilitarian cowardices. Abolish culture-led regeneration! The correct response to public art is anger! Smash all the town center fountains, statues and heritage sculptures! Make your ideas public! Publish! Publish! Publish! But know this: Publishing is not an arm of town planning!

10. We shall join the great crowds tossed about by work, by pleasure or by revolt: the many-colored and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capitals; but our art will not profit from them. Protest will not be our readymade! Our art will take sides, make a difference, say something and do something! And we will stand by what we say!

It is in London that we launch this Manifesto of loving and incendiary violence, this Manifesto through which today we set up an art in the counter-public sphere, because we want to deliver British art from its gangrene of Frieze-dried professors, of don't-blame-me-it's-the-market retailers, of clueless guides, and of antiquarians in the latest fashions.

London has been too long a great secondhand brokers' market. We want to rid it of the innumerable shops that cover it with innumerable excuses. Shops! Excuses! We're not against commodities; we're against profit and capital. Shops harbor excuses because they are led by the market instead of by the commodities they sell. London has turned into a hypermarket for art! Do you want to be poisoned? Do you want to rot?

Museums have become safe houses. Great public dormitories where art sleeps after the officials testify that it has earned some rest. All risks are controlled and all rivalries canceled by the professionally cutting-edge and tolerant institution. They tell two stories. They are the official messengers of the mainstream and the dull record of whatever has happened to acquire power. But they tell another story: They are documents of the violence of canonization and they reveal themselves as belonging to power and discipline. There is no story of art without a story of cultural division and cultural denigration!

Art cannot make a difference on the basis of its separation from everything else. Culture is ordinary. Art is subject to the same economies as everything else. Art that wants to be exempt has to sacrifice everything but art. Art that wants to make a difference has to hold on to everything except art.

Art is not to be looked at or interpreted. Art has to do something, be something, say something. Aesthetics puts art into a special category of heightened experience. Interpretation puts everything the artist says in inverted commas. Aesthetics and interpretation let the artist off too easily. When we abolish aesthetics and interpretation from art, artists will have to take full responsibility for what they say and what they do.

For the stylish, the cynical, the uncomplicated and the all too comfortable art will do. Since the future is forbidden them, there may be salve for their wounds in the well-made and the tastefully arranged. But we want nothing of it — we the angry, the philistine, the living alternative!

Let the pitiless rebels come with their philistine senses! Here they are! Here they are! Set the world on fire! Turn the street mobs in their course to flood the museum with philistines! There go the glorious truths, floating adrift! Take up the picks and the hammers! Undermine the foundations of the venerable culture! For art can be nothing but violence, cruelty and injustice.

But we shall not be there long. Our fight against art is carried on in the work, moving between the places where other art lives and the places where art does not even try to compete with advertising propaganda and polemic.

The philistines will find us at last on some winter night, out in the country, alone and remote, crouching by our camera, warming our hearts over the fire of our slogans and the images of them in action.

We do not need a mob around us to operate in the counter-public sphere! You can't measure the publicness of the counter-public sphere with bums-on-seats or feet-on-streets. A counter-public is an unprivileged minority that erodes the principles and standards of the official public sphere.

The publicly minded citizen enters the public sphere as a place where he/she belongs; he/she is certain of its certainties and shares its highest values. The private person, on the other hand, retreats to a place of comfort where he/she can let his/her guard down and be him-/herself. Wankers!

The public and private spheres were won by dissenters and troublemakers against the powers that monopolized publicity and silenced the individual. It is the worst kind of opportunism and cynicism to be private in the private sphere and public in the public sphere. History demands that we be private in the public sphere and public in the private sphere!

This means that we have to publish our private opinions and interrogate our private lives as if they were on display.

When you are at home, do not throw your beliefs into the wastebasket like useless manuscripts! And when you enter the fray, do not hide your intimate thoughts as if they were secrets. They will come after you from afar, from everywhere, sticking in your throat, clawing at your breath with their crooked fingers, hanging around public squares like a bad smell, the scent of rotting intellects already intended for the House of Lords.

The publicly minded have already squandered great treasures; treasures of energy, of love, of courage and anger have been converted into capital of every kind — hastily, deliriously, countless, breathlessly, with both hands. Don't let the bastards count you in! As soon as someone says they have the public good in mind, keep your eyes open for partial interests being retailed as universal interests. Today the public can only be a mask for private interests.

Politics and public life have been colonized by big business and big institutions. Our politicization of art does not seek to hand art over to this miserable, professionalized managerialism. Politics is as shift as aesthetics. The politicization of art must also involve the politicization of politics, or else it is just public-mindedness with cultural privilege added.

LOOK AT US!

We are not politicians

LOOK AT US!

We are not administrators

LOOK AT US!

We are not managers

LOOK AT US!

We are not bureaucrats

Our hearts are not in the least in hock to ulterior motives! Our hearts feed on commitment, on anger, on confrontation! You find it surprising? That is because the cynics have convinced your generation that their reaction against critical culture is simply a description of the historical condition! Here in the shit, once more we hurl our challenge to the world!

**Your objections? Enough!
Enough! We know
them! Fair enough! We
know well enough what
our nostalgic, avant-
gardist, revolutionary
ideas conjure up in your
sophisticated heads!
We are only, you say,
reiterating conventional
tropes when we call up a
new world.**

**Perhaps! Let it be so!
What does it matter?
The tropes are repeated
because the world has
not yet been transformed
in their image! Beware of
your complacency! One
day events will overtake
your resignation!**

**Still in the shit, once
more we hurl our
challenge to the world!**

Dave Beech, Andy Hewitt and Mel
Jordan (The Free Art Collective),
The New Futurist Manifesto.
freee.org.uk

does australia have revolutionary potential?

by Richard Neville

Trying to live a normal life in an abnormal world is ever more demanding. As the perils facing the planet continue to multiply, the industries of spin, distraction, sport, shopping and porn thrust themselves into our psychic space. Hell, we still want to have fun, even as the ocean turns into an oily soup. As the last person on Earth who got around to seeing the movie *Twilight*, I was strangely thrilled. While wars rage and ecosystems degrade, it is easy to understand the attraction of dating a vampire with cosmic powers who lives forever and avoids imbibing human blood. What a perfect partner for a turbulent future, whether it's a revolution, a return to basics, or a systemic collapse.

A hint of the "end game" percolates the atmosphere. Since 9/11 major nations, including Australia, have shown scant respect for the rules of law, war, habeas corpus and fair play. Secrecy is paramount, surveillance is constant, torture continues and drone assassinations are applauded. You know all this. While millions are shocked by the moral decline of the West, there are millions more who regard the denial of justice as necessary. On this issue, and many other issues, there is a Great Divide.

Climate Crisis? While top scientists repeat their warnings, backed up with data, the sceptics still fume. The leader of Australia's opposition, Tony Abbot, calls climate change "crap". Similar divisiveness surrounds the prospect of peak oil, peak soil, peak water, peak

phosphate, peak everything. The fissures in these Great Divides split deeper and wider. Political dialogue is unlikely to achieve a consensus. Exasperation mounts on both sides of the stockade.

Because many of us have become accustomed to watching, rather than doing, and yapping rather than acting, it is hard to imagine a mighty torch-lit insurrection erupting in the streets of Sydney. This could change. As with the G-20 in Toronto, international talk fests now attract agitators with murky intentions, whose goal is more focused on shattering windows than shifting paradigms. Swiftly dubbed anarchists, they could be agent provocateurs. These days cops are wired up for trouble. When Sydney hosted an APEC conference in 2007, attended by George Bush, the city was disfigured with barricades and "no go" zones, and the police were granted extraordinary powers, including the suspension of habeas corpus. Activists on blacklists were banned from entering the city. Despite an orderly march of protestors led by the fire brigade, and the preponderance of placards featuring Mahatma Gandhi, the cops were abusive and paranoid.

As signs of a possible collapse continue to escalate, whether heralded by food shortages, water wars or drought, the attitude of citizens are prone to volatility. Today Sydney's business district throbs with shopping platoons. In the 19th century these same streets buzzed with immigrants freshly arrived from far and

How will we feed ourselves once everything is paralyzed? Looting stores, as in Argentina, has its limits: as large as the temples of consumption are, they are not bottomless pantries

The Coming Insurrection.

wide, many imbued with enlightenment ideals and stirred by the goals of the French Revolution. Some of the newcomers had participated in the doomed yet valiant defence of the 1871 Paris Commune, which aimed to create a model republic based on principles of social justice. This rich cultural mix of former convicts and communards, budding trade unionists, socialists, pamphleteers, explorers, ratbags and fervent democrats, were determined to prevent Sydney from replicating the bloody minded cruelties and rigid class divisions of Britain, which had so long kept the working class on its knees. To this end numerous street battles erupted, with the aim of advancing an egalitarian agenda and subduing the meddling of police, who acted as agents of the ruling class. Setting cop shops on fire was a popular sport.

Another upsurge of radicalism erupted in the 1960s and early seventies, when students rebelled against idiotic censorship laws, the mistreatment of aboriginals and the country's participation in the Vietnam War. In the early 80s huge battles were fought in Tasmania to prevent the construction of a dam on the serene Franklin River, with rallies attracting 20,000 supporters. This campaign contributed to the collapse of the Federal Government, created a new political party – the Greens – and projected environmental issues into the mainstream. So what of today?

To put it bluntly, I'd say we're asleep at the screen. We watch the news, read the books, applaud green sentiments, go to the beach, attach the iPod & bury our heads in the sand. In his recent book, *Requiem for a Species*, Clive Hamilton asks why we resist the awful truth about the implacable degradation of the planet. Is it because consumption has become inseparable from our personal identity, as he suggests? Hamilton blames the lilly-livered response to global warming on the exercise of political power by corporations, who stand to lose by restrictions on emissions. "If anyone deserves to be cast in the eternal flames of Hell," he writes, "it is the executives of companies like

Exxon Mobil, Rio Tinto, General Motors, Peabody and E.ON, along with their lobbyists and PR operatives." When I quoted these fighting words to a conference of miners, the audience was puzzled and shocked.

Major industries see themselves as the good guys, creating loads of jobs, adding to the wealth of all Australians with tax payouts, as well as shovelling resources to developing nations to brighten up the people's prospects. What's so bad about that? It is a debate that's been simmering for decades and the stakes keep climbing. Half a century ago that wiley French Situationist, Guy Debord, proclaimed the agenda of capitalism was the annihilation of nature. It's a sharp observation, but nature still seems abundant in Australia, if you don't count the rapid extinction of species. Despite the frustrations of those all too aware of the ecosystems' fragility, the majority of our citizens are not yet inclined to stiffen their sinews and march on Parliament. That time may come but it will take a major incident to arouse the slumbering rank and file, like a massive oil spill on the Barrier Reef.

The majority of Australians do not regard the mining companies as villains, as former Prime Minister Kevin Rudd discovered when he tried to up the industry's tax rate. All hell broke loose. Rudd vanished overnight in a shower of tears, dumped by his own party.

At this point in time, we've got it pretty good. The global financial collapse skirted our shores. The stupid wars abroad have not attracted rage. Bread, circuses, sport, festivals, theatre, opera, horse races, car races and boat races are in abundant supply. Our flood gets ever more refined, plastic surgeons are on a roll and our fossil fuelled cities pump out emissions like there's no tomorrow. What's not to like? Nothing, apart from a ridiculous suspicion that we're dancing like mad on the deck of the Titanic.

Richard Neville is an author, social commentator and professional futurist who lives in Sydney.
Richardneville.com



82-year old Hosni Mubarak striving to appear younger with his dyed hair and designer sunglasses

the PHARAOH MUST FALL

The Coming Rupture in Egypt

by Blake Sifton

In the lead up to the 2011 presidential elections Egypt is witnessing the emergence of never before seen resistance to its out of touch and decrepit despot. An assortment of young democracy activists, Islamists and Westernized elites are aligning in anticipation of a major rupture.

An election in authoritarian Egypt is usually no reason to get excited. After all, President Hosni Mubarak's autocratic rule has already lasted for 29 years, bolstered by massive American financial support and draconian "emergency" laws strictly limiting opposition to his regime. However, while Mubarak's face still stares down from murals and statues across Egypt, he is 82 years old and it is clear that a new chapter in Egyptian politics must soon be written.

It is widely believed that Hosni Mubarak will attempt to pass power to his son Gamal, the former London banker summoned home to be groomed for succession.

However, Egypt is supposed to be a republic, and the notion that their country's highest office could be given as a gift from fascistic father to spoiled son does not sit well in a country where 40% of the population lives on less than \$2 a day and the gap between rich and poor continues to widen. Public anger over a transition of power may well provide the momentum that Egypt's reformers have been waiting for.

After making peace with Israel in 1979, Egypt became the second largest recipient of us foreign aid. The two billion dollars Mubarak receives annually from Washington have bolstered the military and intelligence establishments, the internal repressive apparatuses pivotal to insulating his regime against domestic opposition.

Under the emergency laws enacted following the assassination of President Anwar Sadat in 1981 it is illegal for more than five people to gather in public without permission, making organizing incredibly difficult. The laws also allow the government to detain opponents indefinitely without charge. According to Amnesty International, 18,000 Egyptian dissidents are currently incarcerated in prisons notorious for torture.

The majority of Egypt's population are under the age of 30 and have known no leader but Mubarak during their lifetime. They are technologically savvy and hungry for change. With traditional avenues for dissent stifled by the emergency legislation, online new media emerged as an important strategic tool in a burgeoning youth-driven democracy movement.

A Facebook group joined by tens of thousands of people played a key role in attracting support for a general strike on April 6, 2008. The national day of action culminated in a rare public display of rebellion as textile workers in the northern city of Mahalla fought running street battles with police for two days.

The creator of the Facebook group, Ahmad Maher, was dragged from his car and arrested. Living up to their reputation for ignorance and brute force, the Egyptian police beat him while demanding his Facebook password and information on his "friends," individuals he had never met in person.

While youth revolt is inspiring, alone it is not enough to unseat an entrenched regime. However, a popular movement is building as other more powerful opposition groups join with the Facebook generation in openly challenging Mubarak.

Mohamed ElBaradei, the Nobel laureate and former head of the International Atomic Energy Agency,

recently returned home to Cairo to a hero's welcome. A vocal critic of the us plan to invade Iraq, ElBaradei is a high profile, internationally respected leader with a backbone.

Though he has not yet announced plans to run for president, his National Association for Change is pushing for political reforms ahead of the 2011 elections, including calls for international election monitoring and an end to the emergency laws.

Disavowing violence in the 1970s, the Muslim Brotherhood has grown into the largest and most powerful opposition group in Egypt. They have thrown their support behind ElBaradei and his reform campaign, signaling groundbreaking cooperation between the Islamist group and a secular democracy advocate.

ElBaradei also enjoys the support of the secular street. His Facebook page has over 250,000 fans, a trivial fact to some, but an indicator of his popularity among young activists.

Responding with the petty repression that has come to typify its rule, the Mubarak regime reacted to ElBaradei's rising popularity by arresting the publisher of a particularly flattering biography.

If Egypt's opposition movements were encouraged by President Obama's calls for democracy in his June 2009 Cairo speech, they have since realized the hollowness of his eloquent words.

Relying increasingly on Egypt as a bulwark against Iran, Syria, Hezbollah and Hamas, Obama has been even less critical than President Bush of Mubarak's authoritarian rule. The us recently gave Cairo \$260 million in "supplementary security assistance," while Lockheed Martin announced the sale of 24 F-16 fighter jets to the Egyptian military.

In 2006 Hosni Mubarak told the Egyptian parliament that he would rule, "As long as there is in my chest a heart that beats and I draw breath."

Mubarak's last breath will indeed soon come, and with it the Middle East deserves a different kind of leader, something beyond an American lapdog or tyrannical madman. With disparate forces aligning in preparation for the dictator's death, the potential for a new Middle East looms on the horizon.

What emerges in Egypt may be no better than the present, but whether the future is shaped by Islamists, by Western educated elites or by young idealists, be sure that a major earthquake is coming in the Arab world's most influential country and the aftershocks will reverberate throughout the region.





Athens, Greece

Anarchism

Insurrectionary anarchism has found fertile ground in the birthplace of democracy. After sparking a month of rioting in December 2008 that spread across several European nations, Greek activists continue to move us closer to a global anti-capitalist uprising.

en.contrainfo.espiv.net



Bolivia

Legal rights for nature

The first indigenous president of Bolivia, Evo Morales, recently summed up his political vision in stark terms: "Capitalism dies, or Earth dies." And he has since put his weight behind the movement to grant legal rights to nature and establish an international criminal court with jurisdiction over ecocidal polluters.

pwccc.wordpress.com
earthjuris.org



London, UK

Plane Stupid

Fearless activists rejuvenate radical ecology and vow to ground the aviation industry, halt airport expansions and jam airline ads.

planestupid.com



Palestine

International Solidarity Movement (ISM)

This indispensable organization engages in nonviolent resistance in the West Bank and Gaza. They protect Palestinian farmers from settlers as they harvest their fields, demonstrate against the construction of the apartheid wall and sail with the Gaza Freedom Flotilla.

palsolidarity.org
freegaza.org



Paris, France

New Anticapitalist Party (NPA)

This emergent revolutionary party has attracted a sizable following in France, giving hope to a mass rejection of capitalism.

links.org.au/taxonomy/term/318



America

Tea Party Activists

Riding the rage of mainstream America, the Tea Party is still finding its identity. Will it spark a much needed populist uprising in the USA or just recuperate middleclass dissent on behalf of corporate interests?

teapartypatriots.org



New York, NY

Public Ad Campaign

This group's Blackspot blitzkrieg neutralized 116 billboards in a single day, taking the guerrilla war against mental pollution to a new level of sophistication.

publicadcampaign.com/nysat



Worldwide

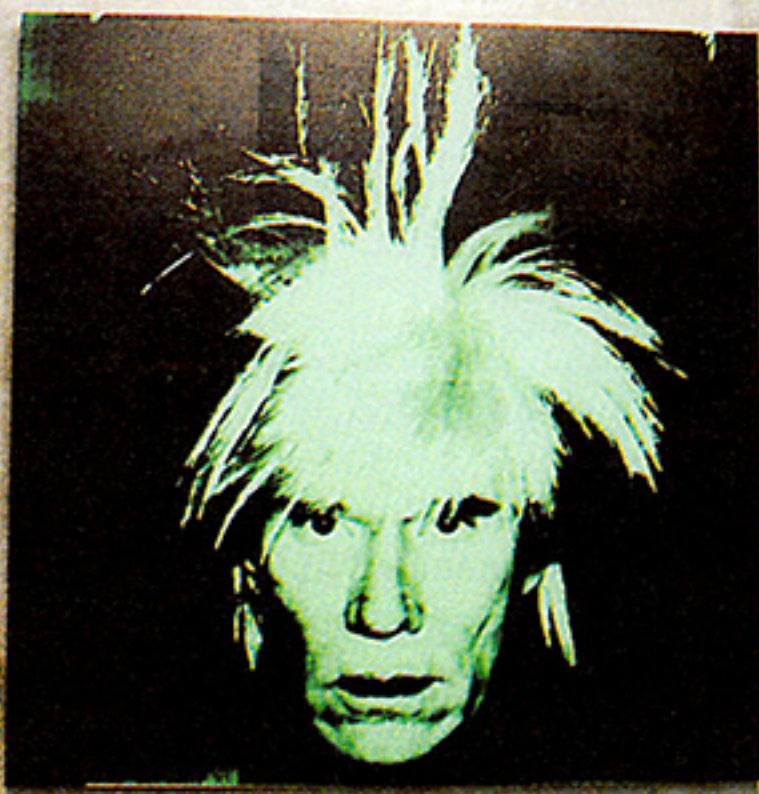
Squatters

With foreclosures increasing and homelessness spreading, squatting is going mainstream as people refuse eviction and illegally occupy the empty homes that they or their neighbors, once owned.

squatter.org.uk
squat.net

**And you thought you couldn't take your
eyes off your BlackBerry.**

**THE US IS BY SOME MARGIN
THE MOST MENTALLY ILL
NATION, WITH 26.4% HAVING
SUFFERED IN THE LAST
TWELVE MONTHS**



Tom Vrotsos

Price as shown, \$26,895.¹ BlackBerry® smartphones, Research In Motion® and related trademarks, logos and icons are the property of Research In Motion, Inc. and are used under license. ©2009 General Motors. Buckle up, America!

Andy Warhol self portrait sold for \$32.6-million.

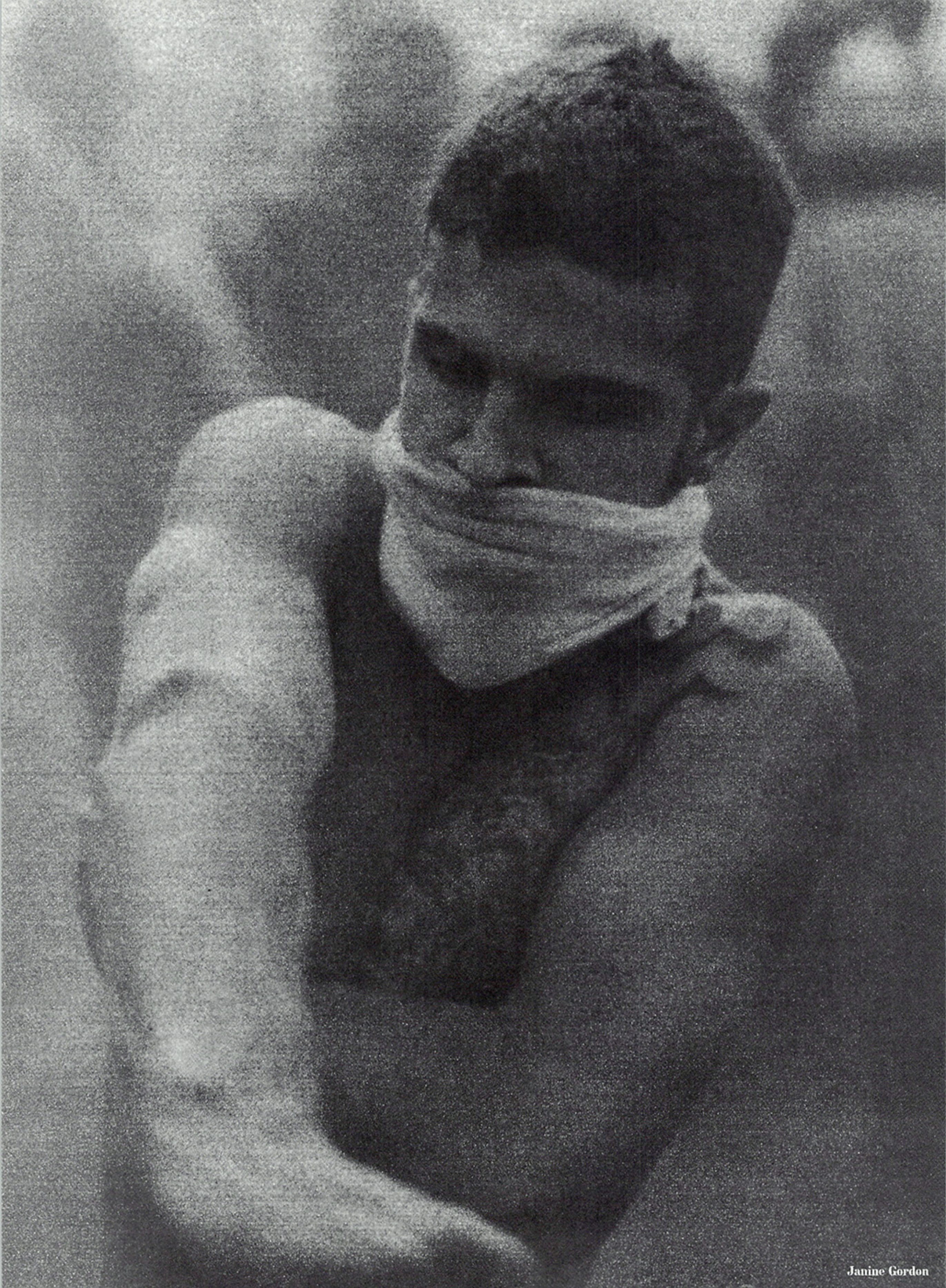


Sean Gardner

[T]he relationship to the world that modern science fostered and shaped now appears to have exhausted its potential. It is increasingly clear that, strangely, the relationship is missing something. It fails to connect with the most intrinsic nature of reality and with natural human experience. It is now more of a source of disintegration and doubt than a source of integration and meaning. It produces what amounts to a state of schizophrenia: Man as an observer is becoming completely alienated from himself as a being. Classical modern science described only the surface of things, a single dimension of reality. And the more dogmatically science treated it as the only dimension, as the very essence of reality, the more misleading it became. Today, for instance, we may know immeasurably more about the universe than our ancestors did, and yet, it increasingly seems they knew something more essential about it than we do, something that escapes us.

Václav Havel

304 HP V6 ▶ 29 MPG HWY¹ ▶ STARTING AT \$23,040² ▶ CHEVY.COM/CAMARO ▶ ALL NEW CAMARO 



III.

**CAN WE LAUNCH
ANOTHER
REVOL
UTION
?**

When I was 19 and full of socialist fervor, I went to the Soviet Union to see the workers' paradise. I spent most of the year on bread lines. And flour lines. And butter lines. My disillusionment was total. The Soviet army was withdrawing from a ruinous war in Afghanistan. The economy was nearing collapse. The core beliefs that had served as a foundation for the society were daily being exposed as transparent lies. Drug addiction was rampant, something I couldn't miss, living as I did across from the city drunk tank; screams filled the Krasnodar night. Bad as it was, no one dared recognize how bad it actually was: The country would shortly cease to exist. It was 1988.

Parallels to the us of 2010 are hard to miss. Our economic system has been revealed as a teetering house of cards. We are deepening our commitment to permanent war in the same region, one known as the graveyard of empires. The nation's debt is now so large it can never be repaid, and a sovereign default, while not imminent, is nevertheless inevitable. The obviousness of this fact panics everyone, forcing the power holders to send spooky numerologists to utter magical numbers – to the delighted gasps of an audience that thrills at the setting aside of its own rational experience. More ominous, the beliefs that for 60 years have formed the ideological basis for the society are failing to cohere. The new reality – the reality of failure – cannot be integrated into the

old symbolic order. Just as the nation's new program reveals itself as an unmythical, unmagical struggle for brute survival, its past doctrine sharpens in the rear-view mirror: expropriation of natural resources. That has been our real program. It is a game we will never win again, and in fact must lose if we are to survive.

In a Ponzi scheme, early investors reap rewards while later investors are shafted. Western economies, fueled by debt and unlimited consumption of limited resources, are Ponzi economies and will sooner or later collapse under their own weight. The victims of this scheme are the young. That this is perfectly foreseeable has not made it preventable. The collapse of the system is far outpacing the thought or work of any of the interested parties. We acknowledge on the one hand the inevitability of the fall of the current economic model, and on the other hand the apparent impossibility of collective revolutionary action. As a result of this contradiction, the main characteristic at all levels of society is confusion and an acutely felt need for unconsciousness.

Some look to electoral politics for a way forward, but there too the leadership is failing. Lost in imagery and the critique of imagery, we have failed to notice that no party has acknowledged the real threats to our security – rising seas, permanent war, depleted resources and a bankrupt central government – let alone put forward any strategy for addressing them. Politics is pretend.

We live in a state of permanent falsification, our starkest fear that we will collectively awaken to reality as it is. To speak the truth is to sound insane. George Orwell once imagined a government that would (ludicrously) claim that ignorance is strength, yet my friends and family now say this to my face.

The truth is that our leaders' every action worsens these conditions in a mendacious, murderous betrayal of the next generation. They have suggested no endgame, leaving it up to the people, specifically to the young, to have one.

When the next generation is handed the keys to a broken, bankrupt nation sinking into a fishless sea, when they realize they've been ripped off, when they take to the streets – and they will – they will flood society with a mess of desires that cannot be realized by the current system, and they will call for a revolution in every aspect of human life.

Skylar Fein is an artist living in New Orleans. His show *Youth Manifesto* was recently held at The New Orleans Museum of Art. Go to skylarfein.tumblr.com to see more of his work.



you
make
plans,
we
make
history

Slavoj Žižek and Alain Badiou

Philosophers inspiring a revival of the communist ideal. Read *Violence* by Slavoj Žižek and *Ethics: An Essay on the Understanding of Evil* by Alain Badiou

Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri

Major theorists of the antiglobalization movement. They place their faith in the revolutionary potential of the multitude. Read *Empire* by Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri

Simon Critchley

Leading philosopher of neo-anarchism. Read *Infinitely Demanding: Ethics of Commitment, Politics of Resistance* by Simon Critchley

Giorgio Agamben

The intellectual mentor of *Tiqqun*.
Read *The Coming Community* by Giorgio Agamben

***Tiqqun* and The Invisible Committee**

Profoundly influential of contemporary revolutionary theory. Fired up global activists with their book *The Coming Insurrection* by The Invisible Committee

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC WAS BORN OUT OF A GROUNDSWELL OF DISSATISFACTION WITH THE CENTRALIZED DICTATION OF A FARAWAY POWER. ¶ AMERICANS WERE ANGERED BY THE TAXES AND TYRANNY IMPOSED BY AN INCREASINGLY “FOREIGN” CULTURE. THIS UNREST CULMINATED IN A REVOLUTION THAT SUSTAINED ITS CITIZENRY THROUGH A WAR OF INDEPENDENCE AND A CIVIL WAR. ¶ TODAY AMERICA ONCE AGAIN FINDS ITSELF OVERWHELMED BY A POWERFUL CENTRALIZED FORCE. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THE DICTATING POWER IS OF AMERICA'S OWN MAKING.

MEMEWARRIORS.ORG



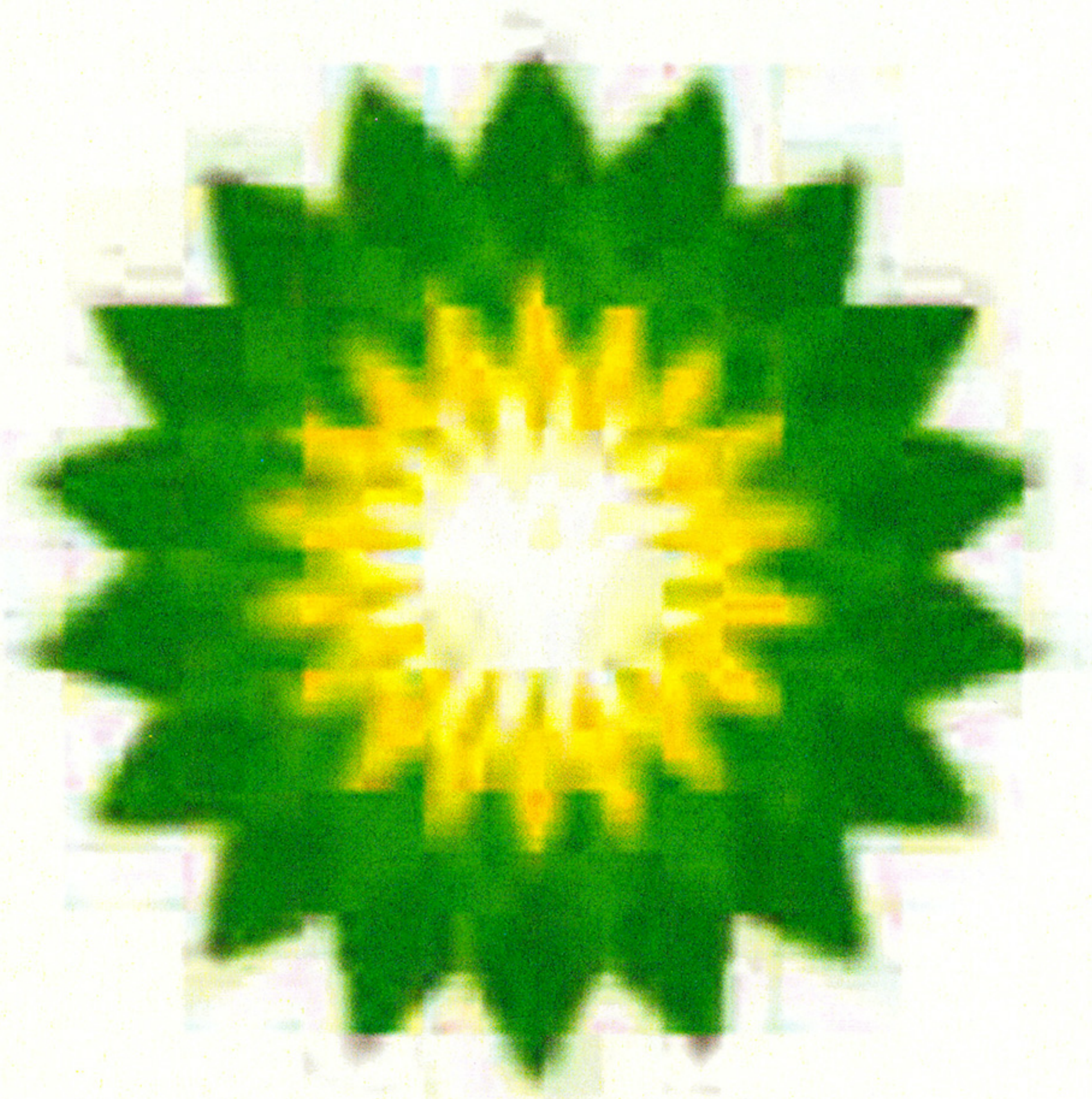


Don Usner

DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

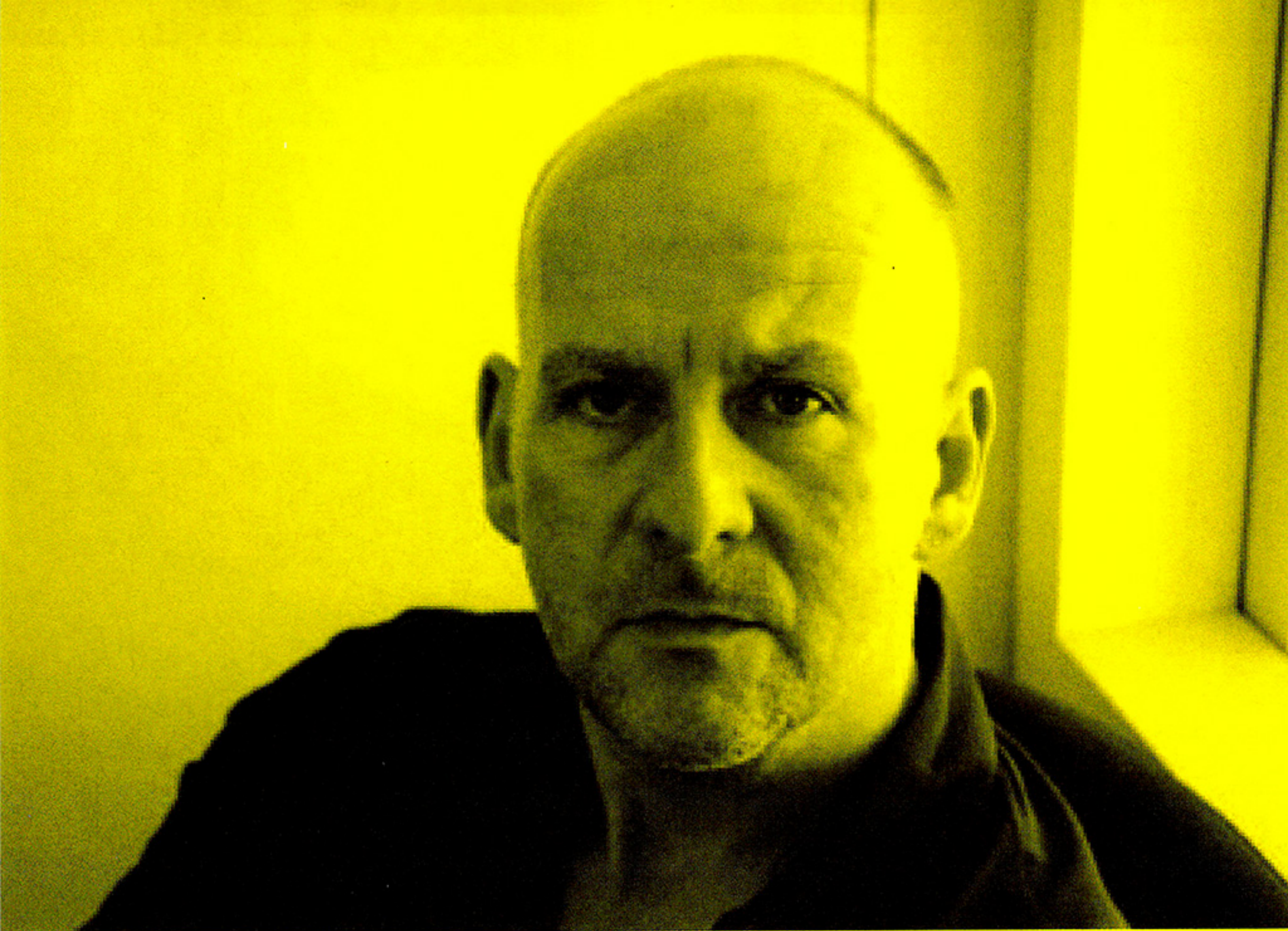
The next real literary "rebels" in this country might well emerge as some weird bunch of anti-rebels, born oglers who dare somehow to back away from ironic watching, who have the childish gall actually to endorse and instantiate single-entendre principles. Who treat of plain old untrendy human troubles and emotions in US life with reverence and conviction. Who eschew self-consciousness and hip fatigue. These anti-rebels would be outdated, of course, before they even started. Dead on the page. Too sincere. Clearly repressed. Backward, quaint, naïve, anachronistic. Maybe that'll be the point. Maybe that's why they'll be the next real rebels. Real rebels, as far as I can see, risk disapproval. The old postmodern insurgents risked the gasp and squeal: shock, disgust, outrage, censorship, accusations of socialism, anarchism, nihilism. Today's risks are different. The new rebels might be artists willing to risk the yawn, the rolled eyes, the cool smile, the nudged ribs, the parody of gifted ironists, the "Oh, how banal."

LET'S REVOKE BP'S CORPORATE CHARTER



When a corporation grievously misbehaves, when it is caught knowingly ignoring safety rules, keeping vital information secret from the public, betraying the public trust, causing massive ecological damage and harming the livelihoods of millions of people, then that corporation should be legally “sentenced to death” – its charter revoked, its assets sold off and the money funneled into a superfund for its victims.

MEMEWARRIORS.ORG



SIMON CRITCHLEY

Politics is now and many. The massive structural dislocations of our times can invite pessimism – even forms of active or passive nihilism – but they can also invite militancy and optimism, an invitation for our capacity of political invention and imagination, an invitation, finally for our ethical commitment and political resistance.

In order not to be defeatist, in order not to participate in what we might call the 'Eeyorism' that is the self-negating speciality of the intellectual left, in order to be affirmative and even a little optimistic, I think we have to acknowledge that such a conception of politics requires an account of motivational force that is irreducibly ethical. In my view, ethics is the experience of an infinite demand at the heart of my subjectivity, a demand that undoes me and requires me to do more, not in the name of some sovereign authority, but in the namelessness of a powerless exposure, a vulnerability, a responsive responsibility, a humorous self-division.

*Simon Critchley, **Infinitely Demanding:**
Ethics of Commitment, Politics of Resistance*



IT'S TIME
TO REJECT OUR
CULTURE'S SLIDE INTO
NARCISSISM

Nylon March 2010

People are waking up. They're saying, Not another day! This is where I mark the line

They're hungry to get involved and they're getting involved. Their desire to change the world is shifting from wishful Monday-morning thinking into tangible action. They're beginning to see activism not as something done at nonprofit meetings and protests, but as a way of life, a personal, spiritual choice. Ultimately, it is the choice to reject our culture's slide into narcissism. It is a view that rejects the modern consumer philosophy that true happiness comes from personal material accumulation and self-interest. It is the realization that the joy of connecting with nature blows the joy of acquiring stuff out of the water.

We are social animals; we crave connection and community; we crave a wide, encompassing identity that connects us with all of humanity – not just our friends and family, not just our city, our country, our species – but every living being on Earth: plant, animal, human.

It is a new philosophy – and perhaps a very ancient one. It leads to the most profound and meaningful kind of happiness one could possibly experience. It adopts the happiness of others as its own ... and also shares in their suffering.

You can't buy that kind of happiness at a store. You can't get it from beating the last level of a video game. It doesn't come out of the end of a pipe or at the bottom of a bottle. It doesn't come from watching sports. It doesn't come from how you dress or what kind of car you drive. It doesn't come from getting a college degree or a fatter paycheck. It comes directly from the final and profound realization that there are no isolated islands of "self" and "other." We are inter-woven into everything. We are all of it.

We forget too often that our lives are just fictions,

that this human life of ours – abstracted from the land, abstract in itself – is not grounded in reality, but in drama, illusion. Our lives are no different from dreams, a scattered blur from one meal to the next, from one conversation to the next, one megaplex, one strip mall, one coffee cup, one beer, one fix – a ceaseless drifting from sensation to sensation, a constant sating of the base desires.

We are raised in this “reality” so its contours are invisible to us. We see each moment but fail to see the unifying thread – the alienation of humanity from nature, the ills of domestication, the dependence of humans upon technological death machines to survive and a growing inability of these generations of young humans now in possession of the planet to connect to it in any living way. We have lost our ability to experience the grander trends as revealed through the almighty Moment. We cling to our petty satisfactions as a paddler fallen from a canoe clings to the rocks. We do not dare to imagine a life without pizza, ice cream, microwaves, transportation, convenience, comfort, ease.

The 21st century has been too kind to us so far. It holds new horizons for us as an *übersoul* and as an *überspecies*, but it remains pregnant with disaster. There must be wars, Great Wars, which span all frontiers, in which all are embroiled in conflict: the inner war spilling out into our long-abandoned commons, opening up doorways between men and women to converse freely, tearing down walls between minds and bodies, flesh and the soul. Bottles will be uncorked and men in pajamas will run terrified and bouyant through the streets. If there is not madness, there will be blood, midnight rivers of blood rushing mad like the Mississippi through the markets of the world, stampeding through those who stand still, toppling those who once towered above the meek and lowly, lifting the strong and light, buoying them up on its terrible tide . . .

Hudson Spivey



Ryan Pyle

*In China people
get together in the
corners of parks
and dance.*



*The unofficial history of America is not a
story of rugged individualism and heroic
personal sacrifice in the pursuit of a dream.
It is a story of democracy derailed, of a
revolutionary spirit suppressed and of once-
proud people reduced to servitude.*

Martin Parr



FREE

FREE



NOV 22-28 2010
WE SHUT THE WORLD DOWN FOR A WEEK

MEMEWARRIORS.ORG

21st CENTURY ENLIGHT- ENMENT

The 18th-century enlightenment concept of the individual self is running out of steam and a new paradigm of human nature is emerging. Our sense of being separate, autonomous beings each with our own distinct, self-authored identity is melting away. That we should strive to become islands of free-floating individuals, each absolutely responsible for our own destiny and journey through life, now seems impossible and even undesirable: We understand that we are the products of both nature and nurture. The enlightenment idea of a world of self-interested individuals, impermeable to hands and ideas that would nurture us seems dystopian now.

Freedom – the grand unifying cause of our modern democratic societies – has not been realized by having an ever-expanding array of personal lifestyle and product choices. And progress is not advanced by the constant expansion of those choices. As we witness the destruction leveled against people and nature in the name of personal gain, our lives lived within our

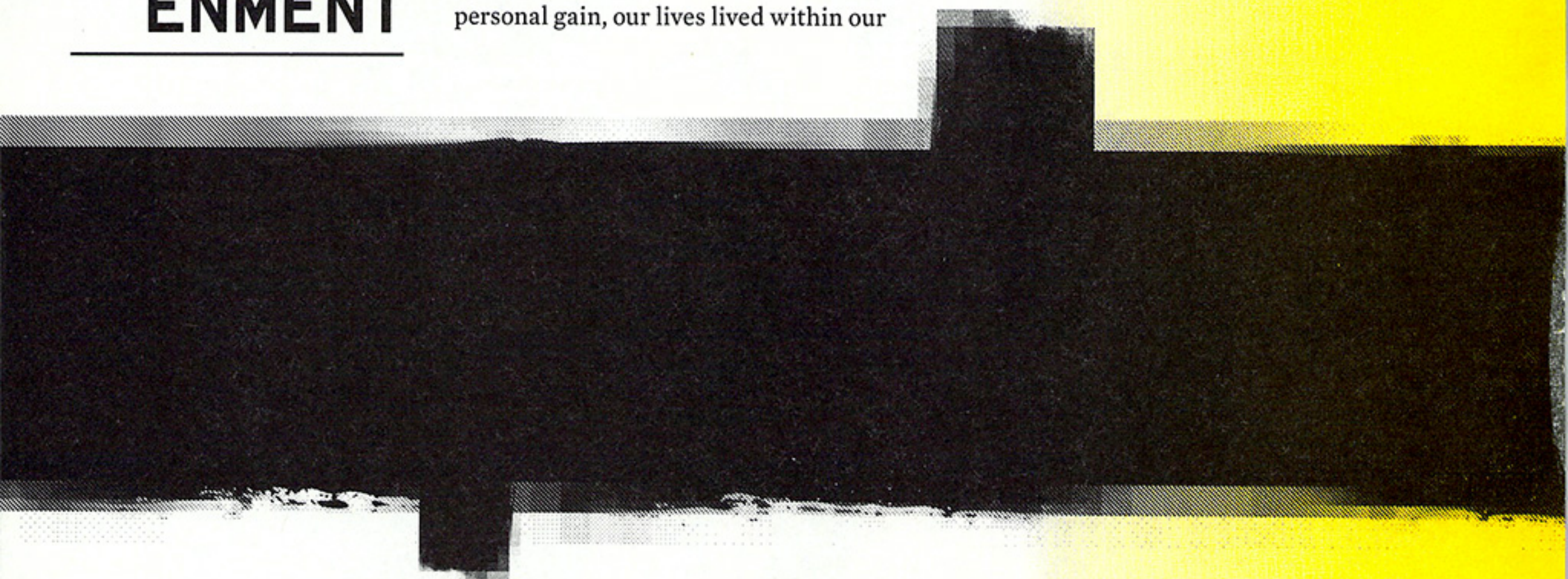
current consumer capitalist paradigm feel increasingly hollow. We see more mental health problems and suicides than ever before. And the Earth bears horrible wounds of our egocentric greed.

Community – not more individual freedom – is what we now crave. And what is emerging from this craving is a convincing new account of what it means to be human and live a good life: a new paradigm of human nature that reconnects us to each other and the natural world.

We are standing on the verge of a 21st-century enlightenment.

The rebirth of the political left will depend on how well we can incorporate the new, 21st-century enlightenment paradigm of human nature into our narratives, agendas and visions of the future.

Inspired by Madeleine Bunting



Life transcends mere organisms. Life is the fabric of interactions that take place at different scales of space – from planetary to atomic dimensions – and time – from nanoseconds to billions of years. It is a great fabric in which we experience illusions of individuality, projections perhaps of an outmoded determinist vision. Genes “jump” from one organism to another – they always have and they always will. Consequently, the true tree of life is actually more like a thick, tangled bush where branches cross in a medley of ramifications and fusions.

Mónica Solé

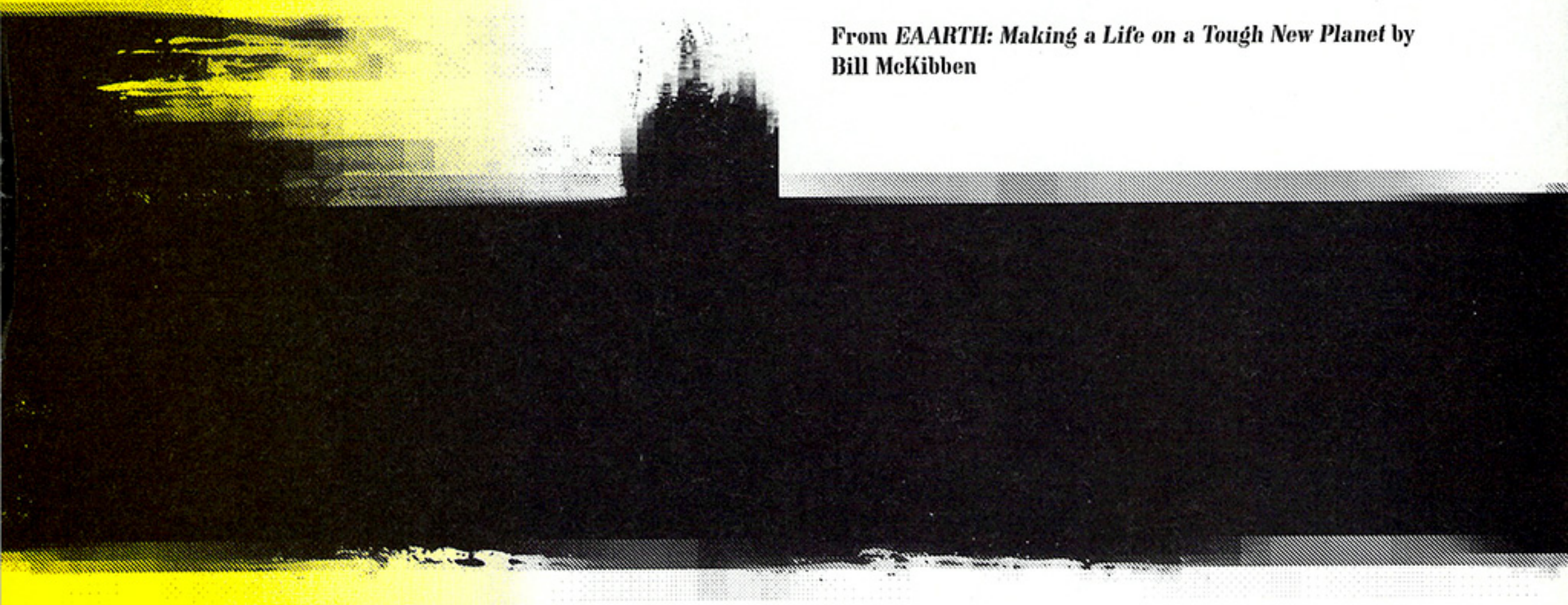
In our world, it's actually harder than you'd think to stay small. To understand why, visit the Farmers Diner, one of my favorite restaurants but also a place that illustrates just how hard it can be to find the sweet spot. How local is the Farmers Diner? The first thing you see when you walk in the door of their outlet in the Vermont town of Quechee is a jukebox, glinting like any diner jukebox. Some Willie Nelson, some John Cougar Mellencamp. But half the albums are by Vermonters. Phish, sure. But it's Grace Potter and the Nocturnals who get the most play. And they're just the start. You'll find the Starline Rhythm Boys (singing "The Tavern Parking Lot") and Banjo Dan and the Mid-Nite Plowboys ("The Cider Song"). And Patti Casey, of course. Never heard of Patti Casey? Your loss, but that's the point. In an economy where music comes from L.A. or Nashville, she's from here.

The menu, at first glance, looks like any diner menu. Hash and eggs. Liver and onions. Bacon cheeseburger. Pancakes. At diner prices: \$5 for a grilled cheese, home fries for \$1.75. But look a little closer: almost every item comes with a modest biography. The blue cheese comes from Jasper Hill Farm in Greensboro. The yogurt is from Butterworks Farm up in Westfield, which also supplies wheat flour for the pancakes. In an economy where diner food rolls up on an eighteen-wheeler from the factory farms of the South and Midwest, your Farmers Diner patty melt is like the music on the jukebox: it comes from here.

And it comes with an attitude. One page of the menu is given over to the Kentucky farmer and writer Wendell Berry's magnificent poem "Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front": "So, friends, every day do something / that won't compute ..." Another is taken up by Thomas Jefferson's 1803 letter calling for a conversion of the nation's "charitable" institutions into "schools of agriculture" so our citizens may "increase the productions of the nation instead of consuming them." This may be the only diner in the world that comes with a mission statement: "to increase the economic vitality of local agrarian communities." The bumper sticker above the counter says it even more plainly: "Think Globally - Act Neighborly."

But it also comes with a problem. In the words of the owner, Tod Murphy, "How do you create a company that will take food off the farmer's hands in the easiest way for him, and set it in front of the customers in the easiest way for them, and do it at a price point everyone can live with?" Tailing him for a day as he made the rounds of his suppliers shows both the promise and the difficulty of the idea. You could start the morning in Strafford, say, at Rock Bottom Farm, where Earl Ransom's cows were producing organic milk and cream on the land where he was born. "I had to educate people that cream isn't necessarily white," Murphy recalled. "When the cows went out to pasture in the spring, the half-and-half changed color noticeably, and the waitresses were afraid people would freak."

From *EAARTH: Making a Life on a Tough New Planet* by Bill McKibben





COMING IN ADBUSTERS #92



the meme wars

In the 21st century, the business of communications will dwarf all others, not only as a source of revenue, but as the field of choice for the best minds on the planet. Winning ideological, religious and cultural wars and creating new paradigms will be the name of the game.

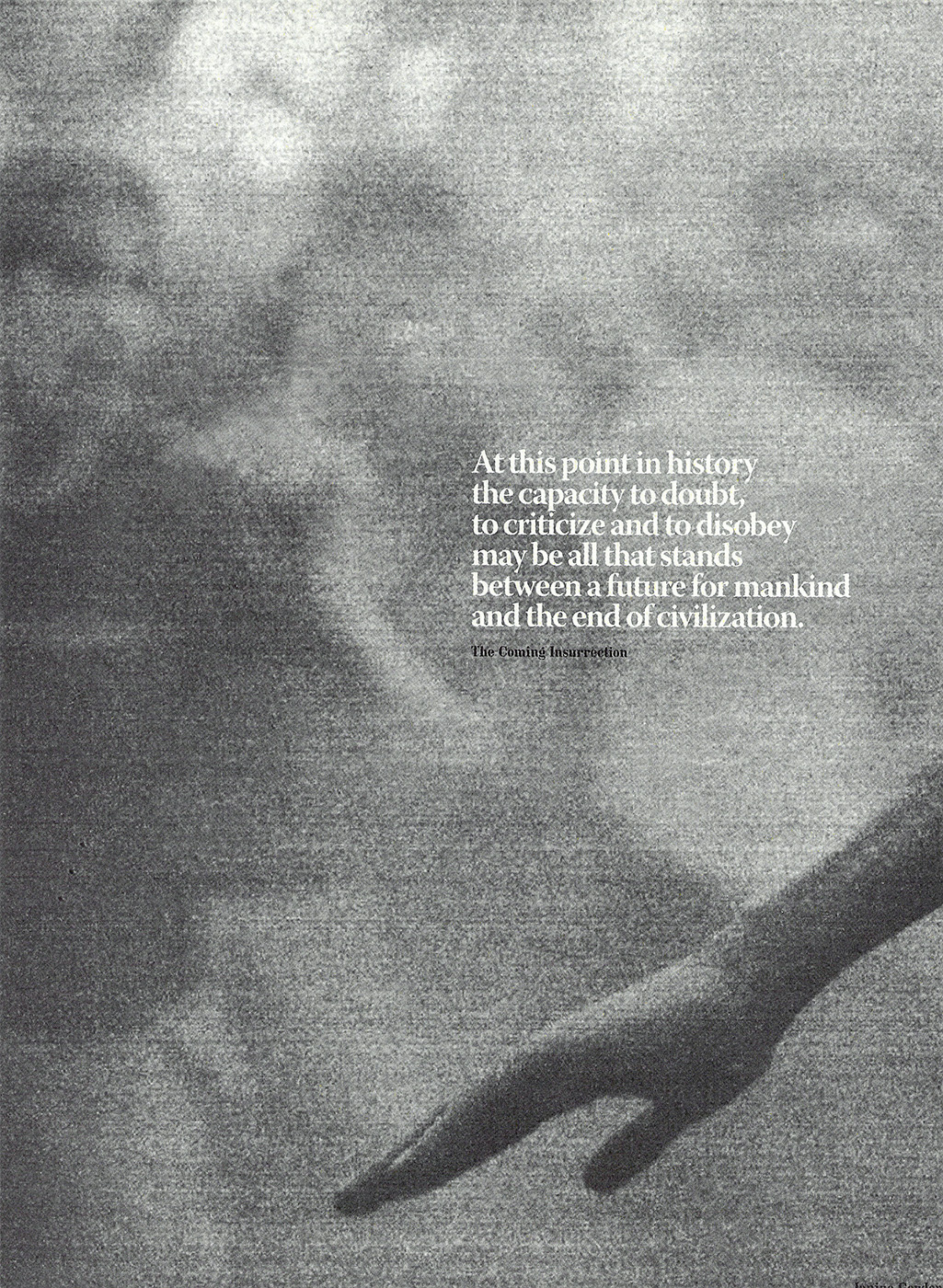
Send us the new thinking that you think will define the future to editor@adbusters.org

We are a global network of activist writers, artists, teachers, students and entrepreneurs.... we are hackers, anarchists, malcontents, rabble rousers, pranksters, poets, philosophers and punks. Our aim is to topple existing power structures and forge a major rethinking of the way we live in the 21st century. We want to change the way institutions wield power and the way the food, fashion, automobile and culture industries set their agendas.

Above all, we want to change the way information flows and the way meaning is produced in our society. Join us!


Nous sommes un réseau mondial de militants écrivains, artistes, enseignants, étudiants et entrepreneurs. Nous sommes des féministes, des pirates, des anarchistes, mécontents des farceurs, des poètes, des philosophes et des punks. Notre but est de renverser les structures du pouvoir existantes et de créer une refonte majeure de la façon dont nous vivons au 21e siècle. Nous voulons changer la façon dont les institutions exercent le pouvoir et dont les industries de la mode, de l'alimentation, de l'automobile, et de la culture fixent leurs ordres du jour et façonnent nos vies. Par-dessus tout, nous voulons réellement changer la façon dont l'information circule, y la création de signification dans notre société. Joignez-vous à nous!

Nosotros somos una red global de escritores activistas, artistas, maestros, estudiantes y empresarios. Somos hackers, anarquistas, descontentos, bromistas, poetas, filósofos y punks. Nuestro objetivo es derribar estructuras de poder existentes y forjar una revisión principal de la manera que vivimos en el siglo XXI. Queremos cambiar el modo que las instituciones manejan el poder, y el modo que las industrias del alimento, la moda, el transporte y la cultura ponen sus órdenes del día y forman nuestras vidas. Sobre todo, queremos cambiar la forma en que fluye la información y la manera de cambiar el significado de nuestra sociedad ¡Únete a nosotros!



At this point in history
the capacity to doubt,
to criticize and to disobey
may be all that stands
between a future for mankind
and the end of civilization.

The Coming Insurrection



It's late, maybe 2, or 3 a.m. I'm scanning my email inbox for anything important I might have missed. I notice a message that lists the names of two famous activists – Bill McKibben and Naomi Klein – in its subject header. It's a call to action, soliciting support for Tim DeChristopher, a climate change activist who faces ten years in jail after disrupting an auction of oil and gas leases in Utah. DeChristopher prevented the Bush administration from selling off 14 parcels of land for fossil fuel extraction by placing fake bids on them, and he is being prosecuted for this crime, despite the new US administration ruling that the land had been inappropriate for sale.

I'm interested in getting involved, because of the kind of activism practiced and the punishment of jail time, but also because I now want to know more about Tim DeChristopher.

On his website (bidder70.org) there is a video of DeChristopher speaking at a climate rally in Salt Lake City last October. An athletic-looking 26-year-old with a shaved head and intense eyes, he speaks loudly and succinctly, like a charismatic churchman in full swing. At times he even breaks into gospel song. And there is more than a hint of spirituality in his speech, too. He tells the small crowd of his own personal awakening – how every day since his action, despite knowing he may soon be behind bars, he has walked a little taller and felt a little freer. He also offers them a kind of salvation, declaring that it will be social struggle and activism that will make us the truly noble beings we were meant to be.

In an interview with *Democracy Now*, DeChristopher quotes the late US environmentalist Edward Abbey, who said that “sentiment without action is the ruin of the soul.” For much of his time as an activist on climate change, he explains, he felt a nagging disconnect between the scale of the issue and his response to it. But when he began to bid at the auction and risk imprisonment, he became profoundly calm.

I understand this. As a climate activist I have felt this disconnect ... and also the feeling that comes from taking a stand. As I signed on to a never-ending parade of on-line petitions, wrote letters to politicians and chose ‘eco-friendly’ options at the local supermarket, I felt that such token actions betrayed my true feelings about the importance of the issue. But there have also been times when my actions honestly represented my convictions.

Last September I was arrested for trespassing during a mass civil disobedience action against one of the world’s dirtiest coal power stations. On another occasion I fasted on water and salt outside Australia’s Parliament House from early November till mid-December, calling for action on climate change with Climate Justice Fast! – an international hunger strike I cofounded. On those occasions I experienced the feeling DeChristopher describes. Riding in the back of a police car after my arrest, I felt a warm contentment, and strangely enough, an enormous sense of freedom. Weak and hungry from my fast, I often puzzled the journalists who asked how I felt: I told them I felt very good indeed.

What I found, and what I believe Tim DeChristopher and Edward Abbey found, was that we cannot be at peace if our actions do not reflect what we truly believe. But when they do, our spirits soar. Then we’re alive and free.

This is no groundbreaking revelation. Mahatma Gandhi expressed the same feeling when he said that “happiness is when what you think, what you say and what you do are in harmony.” Yet while it is nothing new, there may be few ideas more urgently needed in our time.

In his 2008 book, *The Freedom Paradox*, Clive Hamilton argues that within free-market capitalism, corporate interests actively discourage us from acting in accord with the values, preferences and desires we would endorse after careful consideration. Very few of us, he writes, would, upon deep reflection, say that it is our innermost desire in life to work incredibly hard at a job we dislike in order to possess the latest consumer products. Yet this is precisely the life our society encourages. From early childhood onward, advertisers expertly instill within us a set of values, preferences and desires that are not our own, but those that corporations wish us to have. As a result, our true

ideals become increasingly neglected and stigmatized. This denial of our moral selves, Hamilton believes, can largely explain the discontent increasingly prevalent in affluent societies.

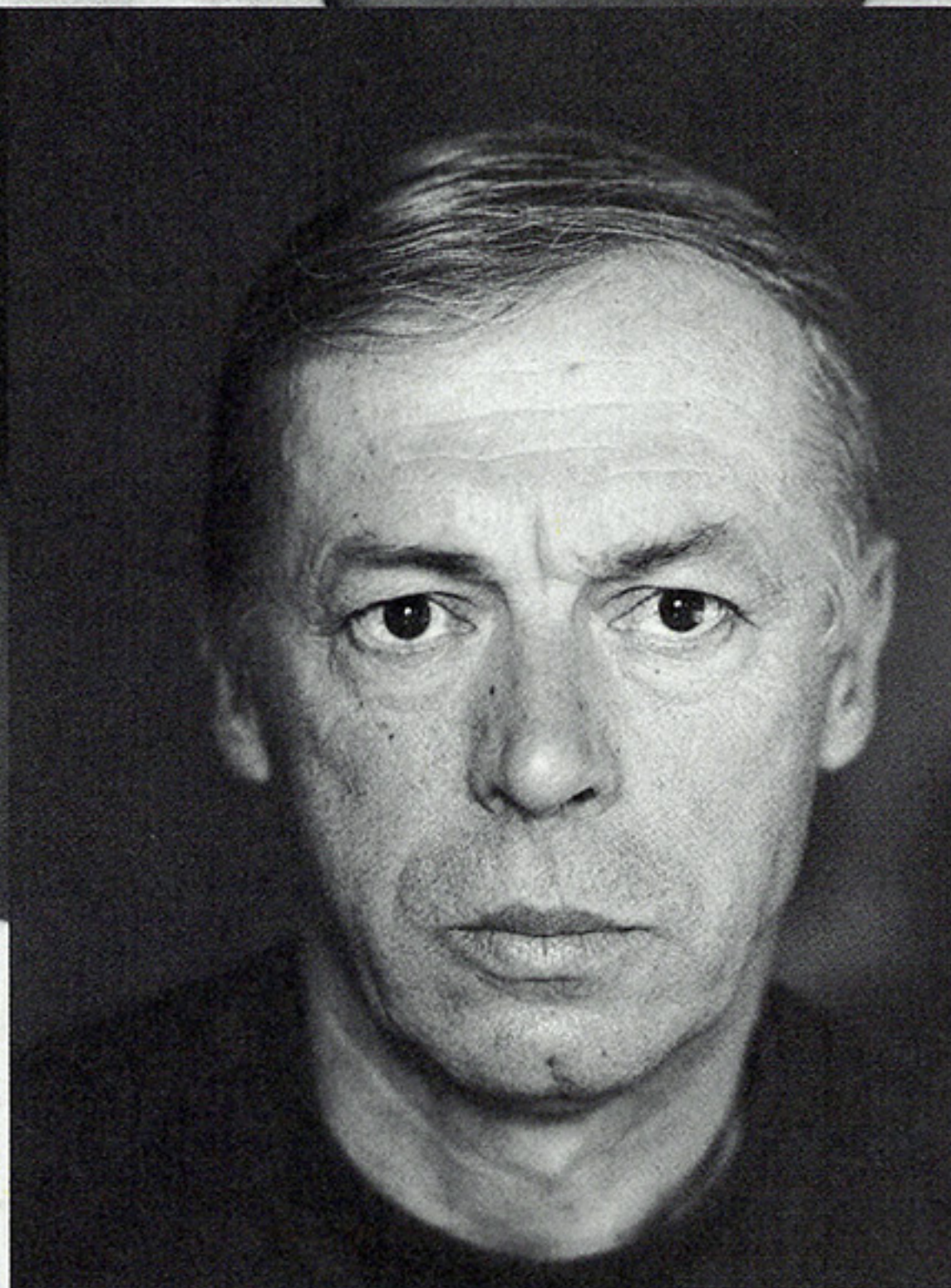
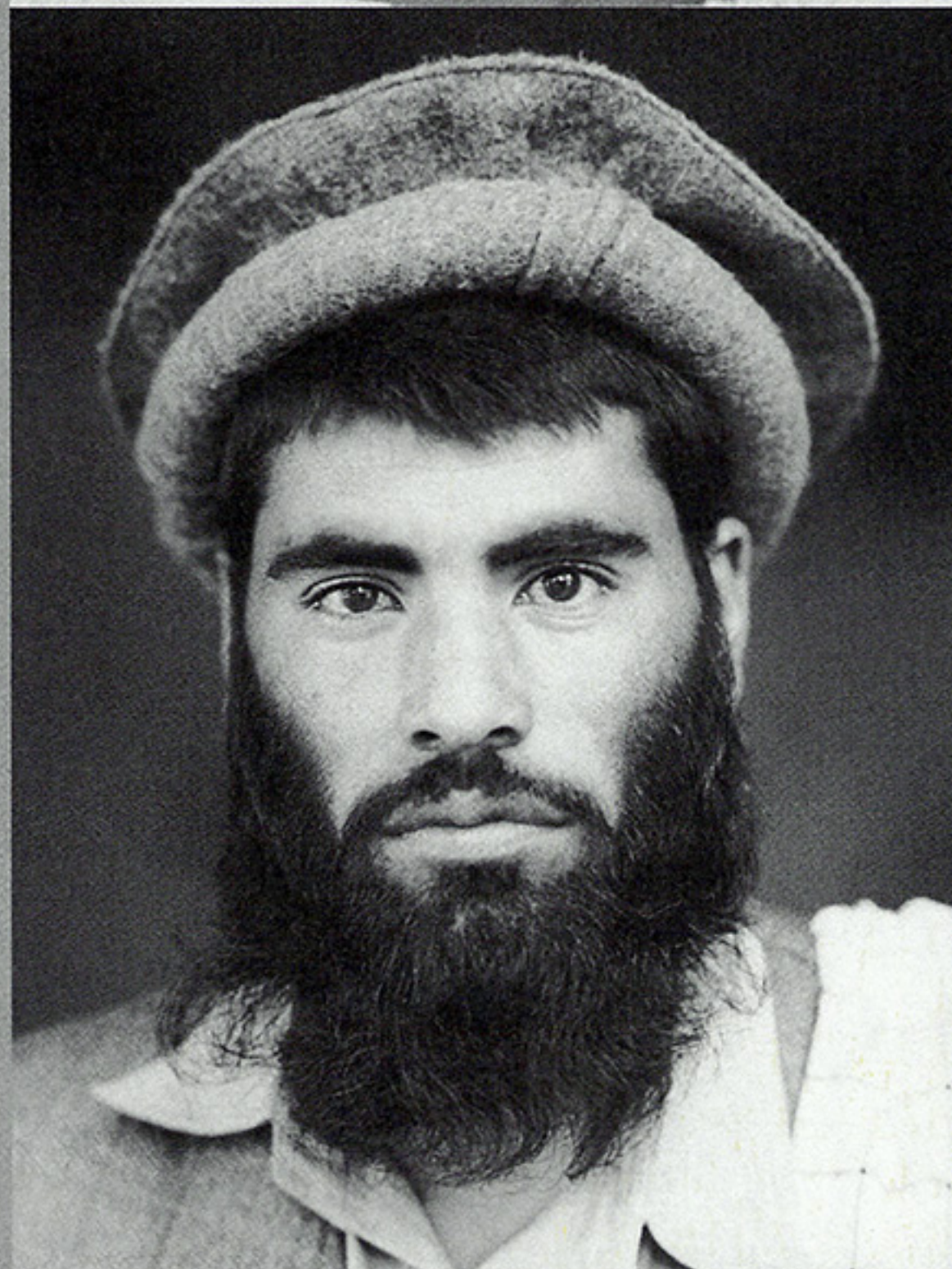
Empirical support for these ideas can be found in the work of Martin Seligman, the world-renowned psychologist and expert in the study of happiness. After years of research, Seligman has proposed that a major component of happiness is having meaning in our lives, which is achieved by being devoted to something larger than ourselves. This complements Hamilton’s arguments well. The things we devote ourselves to and derive meaning from will doubtlessly be linked with our inner values. And if devoting ourselves to things we deeply value is an important part of happiness, it seems only obvious that failing to do so – and living in societies that actively discourage us from doing so – would lead to unhappiness.

In essence, the research suggests if you feel that you should be taking certain actions or that you are not living up to your true ideals, you will probably be a happier person if you take those actions and live up to those ideals. It’s simple, really. But also quite important.

We, the humans alive today, are very likely the last generation that will be able to mitigate climate change and stave off global ecosystem collapse. Our responsibility is enormous. Yet while our politicians procrastinate and our polluting industries and lifestyles continue to expand heedless of the risks, many of us remain dormant. A small section of our society is alive to the issue and politically active, but climate change activists are still far too few to bring about the changes we desperately need.

Our greatest hope, then, may be that Hamilton and Seligman are right, that our societies harbor an enormous number of people who are failing to live up to their inner ideals and are unhappy as a result. If that is truly the case, the salvation offered by Tim DeChristopher in Salt Lake City is real. Standing up and acting upon our deepest ideals – and fighting back against the forces systematically destroying our environment – would not only allow our species to continue to survive and flourish on planet Earth, it would also make us happier and more free. Matching our sentiments with actions, as Edward Abbey may have said if he had been more optimistically inclined, will give us the feeling of real life pulsing through our veins and make our souls sing.

Paul Connor is an activist, musician and postgraduate Philosophy student from Melbourne, who in 2009 cofounded and participated in Climate Justice Fast! He blogs at paulconnor.org.



Landmine victims: Rosa Mufuca - 31 years old, lost right leg, Rebecca Mujinga - 12 years old, from Kasongo, lost right lower limb, Abdul Aziz - 23 years old, from

Khanabad, lost right foot, Alija Ibrahimovic - 55 years old from Oracac, accident witness. - From *One Step Beyond: An Art Project* by Lukas Einsele, one-step-beyond.de

THE ETERNAL AID OF THE REVOLUTIONARY

Resurgence is in the wind. The cynicism that has dogged every gesture of our resistance is giving way as the disappointment of 20th century communism is eclipsed by the rebellious will to try again. Guiding this radical revival are two philosophers whose political theories breathe new life into the revolutionary project. We speak of Alain Badiou and Slavoj Žižek, a neo-Platonist-Maoist and a post-Lacanian-Leninist, whose carefully considered political philosophy revives the ideals of egalitarian-communism and heralds revolution in our lifetime.

Their project is philosophically grounded in Badiou's two-part magnum opus *Being and Event* and *Logics of Worlds*. In the preface to the latter work, Badiou hypothesizes that there are four elements of the "eternal Idea" of revolutionary politics: egalitarian justice; revolutionary terror; voluntarism; and trust in the people. And Žižek takes up with gusto the task of applying these elements to contemporary politics. Together, their roadmap for insurrectionary anticonsumerism is invigorating in its breadth and intensity.

It begins with an egalitarian justice that irrevocably overturns the "established hierarchies of power or wealth" by stripping the rich of their supposed right to consume a greater percentage of the world's resources. This entails "worldwide norms of per capita energy consumption, carbon dioxide emissions, etc." that limit and equalize global development.

The second stage is revolutionary terror, the "will to crush the enemy of the people." Žižek argues persuasively that we cannot have equality and sustainability without disciplined terror against the hyper-rich. In practical terms this requires the courage to impose a limitation on the "freedom" of wanton consumption that has brought humanity to the precipice along with the willingness to support "ruthless punishment of all those who violate the imposed protective [ecological] measures."

The third phase responds to the question of how these changes will be accomplished. Badiou and Žižek propose voluntarism or "the belief that one can 'move mountains,' ignoring 'objective' laws and obstacles." For too long has our emancipatory project been dismissed because it violates the so-called "laws" of neoclassical economics and the limitations of the capitalist imagery. Voluntarism acknowledges that where there is a will there is a way and that the "only way to confront the threat of the ecological catastrophe is by means of large-scale collective decisions" that pull the brake on the runaway train of capitalism.

Finally, what ties these elements together is trust in the people, the *demos* of democracy. In rejecting reactionary politics that harbors "antipopular suspicion or the fear of the masses," we uphold the conviction that "the large majority of the people support these severe measures, see them as their own, and are ready to participate in their enforcement." This fourth element is the linchpin of them all, a crucial ethical foundation that keeps us from repeating the tragic failures of the past.

What we gain from these four revolutionary elements is a clear strategic statement for attaining our movement's victory. But as Badiou makes clear, at each step a dangerous perversion of ideals is possible, and a seemingly slight distortion, such as the one that trusts "the People" abstractly but loathes the people concretely, can turn our revolutionary project into another army of oppression. To ward off this evil requires a firm, unwavering commitment to the egalitarian nature of our movement. Further, it demands fidelity to the mental environmentalist's founding intuition: That our overconsumption is the tool of others' oppression, that the occupation of our minds builds the sweatshops on their land. That is why we dream of nothing less than a global emancipation, a spiritual insurrection that sets this false world ablaze.

Micah White



I, Revolution

In all revolutions, the agents of change – usually a small core of fired-up individuals – reach a personal point of reckoning where to do nothing becomes harder than to step forward. Then come the televised actions, the rebellions on campus, the random acts of defiance in high schools, supermarkets, malls, workplaces. A mass of support accrues. The little daily confrontations escalate. Momentum builds.

And finally the revolution ignites. Very often the ignition spark is a single symbolic act that takes the old power structure by surprise, a gesture that becomes a metaphor, living forever. Rosa Parks refuses to give up her seat on the bus. A Vietnam protester feeds a daisy into the barrel of a rifle. A dissident stares down a line of tanks in Tiananmen Square. Nelson Mandela walks out of his prison cell in South Africa. A freedom flotilla breaks the siege on Gaza. These memes penetrate skulls like bullets.

The biggest impediment to revolution is a personal one: our own deep-seated feelings of cynicism and impotence. *How can anything "I" do possibly make a difference?* Most of us have trouble accepting radical change as a viable option. Entrenched in a familiar world, we cannot imagine another. It's hard to see our current system as simply one stage of a never-ending cycle that sooner or later will fall and be succeeded – but this process of creative destruction is exactly how the world works.

We don't need a million activists to jumpstart this revolution. We just need an influential minority that smells the blood, seizes the moment and pulls off a set of well-coordinated strategic moves. We need a certain level of collective disillusionment (a point I think we have now reached) and then we need the leaders of the affluent, "First" world nations to fumble a world crisis like global warming, a stock market crash or a nuclear standoff in the Middle East. By waiting for the right moment and then jamming in unison, a global network of a few hundred of us can pull the coup off. We create a sudden, unexpected moment of truth – a mass reversal of perspective; a global mindshift – from which the corporate/consumerist forces never fully recover.



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**HOWEVER DESPERATE
THE SITUATION AND
CIRCUMSTANCES, DON'T
DESPAIR. WHEN THERE IS
EVERYTHING TO FEAR,
BE UNAFRAID. WHEN
SURROUNDED BY
DANGERS, FEAR NONE
OF THEM. WHEN WITHOUT
RESOURCES, DEPEND
ON RESOURCEFULNESS.
WHEN SURPRISED, TAKE
THE ENEMY ITSELF BY
SURPRISE. — SUNITZU**